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POETRY.

From the French of the Censor.

Harvest Song.

No! rouse ye lads!—the morning breeze
Has swept the mist from the stream,
And afar on the hills, the towering trees
Are lit with days first beam.
The stars are gone—the night has sped,
And the lark has hailed the day;
Arouse ye, then, while the morn is red—
Away to the fields—away!

To us no music sounds more sweet
Than the sharpening cling of the scythe;
And echoing hills with gladness greet
The song of the reaper blithe.
How pleasant to follow with rake in hand,
The mower's devious way,
And scatter abroad, with lightsome wand,
The green and perfumed hay!

Let the soldier exult in the pomp of war,
The king in his serf thronged hall;
The freeman farmer is happier far
Than kings and lords, and all.
His are no fields with carriage red,
And drenched with the blood of the slain;
But hills and vales o'er which is spread
A harvest of waving grain.

The summer sun, o'er valley and plain,
Has shed his genial ray,
Till smiling acres of golden grain
Await the harvest day.
And into their borders we will not fail
To reap the "to the knife!"
And eager, too, are the cradle and flail
To be wielded in bloodless strife.

Then up and away! while the diamond dew
Bespangles the bending corn;
And gaily we'll labor, while we woo
The breezy breath of morn.
And under the shade of the beeches green,
We'll rest at noon of day;
Hurrah! for the sickle and scythe so keen—
Away to the fields—away!

POPULAR TALES.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The Cot in the Wilderness.

AN INCIDENT OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

AS RELATED BY A YOUNG MAN OF THE OLD FASHION WAR.

BY DONATTO KING.

In the year 1747, in the interior of the province of Maine, might have been seen a small turf-covered stone hut, raised on a slight eminence in the midst of the wilderness. From a dense thick-
et of shrubs and fallen trees, it was apparently inaccessible except in one direction. The spot was chosen and the habitation thus erected as a security against the Indians, while its occupants gained a livelihood by the sports of the forest. They were far removed from civilized society; and none but daring spirits would have ventured thus to risk their lives so unnecessarily and in a manner so singular. They were two brothers—the one aged twenty-three, and the other twenty-five years; and having been raised, as it were, in the bosom of danger, their wild and almost un-
governable spirits seemed rather to invite than avoid the difficulties and perils, to which many of the early settlers of the country were exposed. With one bold effort they penetrated the forest some fifty miles beyond the boundary of civiliza-
tion, to the place described.

They were known as the "Two Brothers." Both were expert marksmen and took great pleas-
ure in wild sports. In erecting their hut, they adopted the precaution not only of having it fire-
proof and substantially built, but provided to it also a secret under ground outlet, by which in case of imminent danger, they might make their escape unharm. This passage extended from the cellar of the hut a distance of many rods be-
neath the hill, by which its entrance upon the hill-sides. But for fear of the savage, the en-
trance was concealed, being also well secured at either end. Indeed, that many a civilized situation was one, "tickled by the buffeting of the cold-hearted and sea." "Ash, might well have en-
vied.

Here dwelt the Two Brothers. For the world they carried little; they had in their selfishness enough to learn that avarice and envy. Far too large a space in his history for the happiness of mankind. Apart from the world, they were in a great measure independent of it. They weighed their inconveniences; but they were not ignorant of the advantages, also, which they enjoyed. They had confidence in each other; and each gave to the other the strongest assurance of his determination to maintain his integrity—that of adhering constantly and invariably to the golden rule's of "doing as he would be done by."

It was in the depth of winter. The hills and valleys were deep clad in snow, the streams were bound in icy chains, and silence reigned in the wilderness. With closed door, the two brothers might have been observed comfortably seated by a lively fire in their hitherto unmolested habitation, talking over their adventures and planning for the future. Already had they passed over two years in their novel situation, and they began to feel that they would exchange it for no other. To the elder, one thing alone seemed wanting to satisfy his desires of happiness. The time had been when his heart beat high in view of the agreeable prospect before him. He had known the pleasure of having his own feelings of lively affection for an amiable and lovely being responded to with equal warmth of attachment. The time, indeed, had been when his happiness seemed consummated by a union with that being in wedlock; the recollection of which could not be effaced from his memory. That union was most suddenly and cruelly broken! Hence the shades of sadness which occasionally might have been observed stealing over his countenance, in reviewing the history of the past.

Leaving the two brothers in their lonely re-
treat, let us now turn back a period of three years to 1744. Assembled in a remote part of one of the border towns of the province referred to, might then have been witnessed a small wedding party. It was in the month of November. The occasion being one of no inconsiderable interest, the friends and acquaintances of the parties in the neighborhood had promptly made their appear-
ance to witness the "tying of the knot" and aid in celebrating the event in a suitable manner.

Oxford Democrat

No. 19, Vol. 1, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, September 14, 1841.

Old Series. No. 30, Vol. 3.

From the Democratic Review.

Death in the School-Room.

A FACT.

Ting-a-ling-ling!—went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village school one morning, when the studies of the earlier part of the day were about half completed. It was well under-
stood that this was a command for silence and attention; and when these had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low thick set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint en-
tered: That last night some of you were steal-
ing fruit from Mr. Nichols' Garden. I rather
think I know the thief. Tim Baker, step up
here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward. He was a slight, fair looking boy of about four-
teen; and his face had a laughing, good-humored expression, which even the charge preferred against him, and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher had not entirely dissipated. The countenance of the boy, however, was too un-
earthly fair for health; it had notwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast, as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the strapping stood before that place of judgement, that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed—Lugare looked on him with a frown which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a worthier and more philosophical system is pro-
viding to men that schools can be better governed, than by lashes and tears and sighs. We are waxing towards that consummation when one of the old fashioned school-masters, with his cow-
hide, his heavy birch rod, and his many ingen-
ious methods of child torture, will be gazed upon as a second memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious gales speed the day!

"Were you by Mr. Nichols' garden fence last night?" said Lugare.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "I was."

"Well, sir, I am glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, without being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell.

"And I didn't do any thing."

"No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy ratan: "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little, his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray, sir," continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his fea-
tures; "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?"

"I went that way because it is on my road home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance; and—and— But I did not go into the garden, nor take any thing away from it. I would not steal—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last even-
ing. You were seen, Tim Baker, to come from under Mr. Nichols' garden fence, a little after nine o'clock with a bag full of something or other over your shoulders. The bag had every appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in the bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspira-
tion ran down his white forehead like rain-
drops.

"Speak, sir!" exclaimed Lugare, with a loud strike of his ratan on the desk.

The boy looked as though he would faint. But the unmerciful teacher confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion. In the mean time, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say!" again thundered Lugare; and his hand, grasping his ratan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow faintly. His voice was husky and thick. "I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—I ain't well."

"Oh yes; this is very likely;" and Mr. Lu-
gare bulged out his nose and cheeks with con-
tempt. "Do you think to make me believe your lies?—I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a little villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again; and if you don't tell the whole truth then, I will give you some-
thing that will make you remember Mr. Nichols' melons for many a month to come—go to your seat."

Glad enough for the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept trem-
blingly to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bowed down his face between them. The pupils turned in that direction, and during

the reign of Lugare in the village school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and severe chastisement, that such things made but little interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the history of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the very narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sickly infant whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks. This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country seat in the neighbor-
hood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease; but every thing was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness; but several years had now passed and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age; and the two struggled on together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with his older brother, worked a large farm in the neighborhood on shares. Jones very frequently made Tim a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high-tempered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them, except himself and the grateful objects of his kindness. It might be, that the widow was loath to have it understood by the neighbors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of "charity" as they would from the severest pains. On the night in question, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be waiting for him was fixed at Mr. Nichols' garden fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one little fitted for his important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and inflexible and severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment, he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his sternness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The happy fatherless boy, however, and Lugare to give his school a joyfully-received dis-
mission. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry. They knew he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was to common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsatisfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaned himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl, which seemed to bode vengeance for his sullenness. At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself behind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest ratan before him.

"Now, Barker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long-drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here, and take off your jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exquisitely performed tragedy, when some mighty master of the histrionic art is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting, with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his fea-
tures to relax from their expression of savage anger into a smile, but that smile looked more ma-
gnificent, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depicted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was gloating in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake up the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep! are you, my young gentleman!" said he; "let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake."

Lugare smiled again as he made his last obser-
vation. He grasped his ratan firmly, and descended from his seat. With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room, and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was as unconscious of his im-
pending punishment as ever. He might be dream-
ing some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes, and feeling delights which would reality never can bestow. Lugare lifted his ratan high over his head, and with the true and expert aim which he had acquired from long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and whacking sound which seemed sufficient to awaken a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick

Washington City, August 11

POETRY.

MACHINE POETRY.

There's Glory in all Things.

There's radiant glory every where—
On every side it glows;
Where'er we are, where'er we go,
Glory its splendor throws.
There's glory in the morning's beam,
And on the brow of night,
There's glory in a jolly spree,
And glory in a fight.

There's glory on the ocean wave,
When peacefully it sleeps,
And glory rises upon it when
The tempest o'er it sweeps.
There's glory in the storm-cloud's pall,
And in the sky's deep blue;
There's glory in yon twinkling star,
And in an oyster stew.

There's glory in the silvery moon,
Just rising o'er the hills;
There's glory resting on the stream,
And in all earthly things;
Old Time's fleet wings are spangled o'er
With glory as he flies;
But brighter glory shines from out
My Nancy's coal black eyes.

There's glory in each little flower,
That scents the passing breeze,
There's glory in each plant and shrub,
And glory in the trees.
There's glory in affection's touch,
And in all earthly woes;
There's glory, glory in our corn,
Where'er we stub our toes!

There's glory in old Winter's reign,
There's glory in its frown;
There's glory in mild April's showers,
That steal so gently down;
There's glory in sweet Summer's prime,
And in the dying year;
There's glory in pale Autumn's sky,
And glory in good beer.

There's radiant glory every where,
On every side it glows;
Where'er we are, where'er we go,
Glory its splendor throws;
North, west, east, south, above, below,
We ought but glory see;
But, Oh! to live on turtle soup
Is glory 'nough for me!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Melting Story.

No other class of men in any country possess that facetiousness at inflicting a good humored revenge which seems to be innate with a Green Mountain boy. Impose upon or injure a Vermont, and he will seem the drollest and best natured fellow you ever knew in your life, until suddenly he pounces upon you with some cunningly devised offset for your duplicity, and even while he makes his victim smart to the core, there is that manly, open-heartedness about him which infuses balm even while the wound is opening, and renders it quite impossible that you should hate him, however severe may have been the punishment he dealt out to you. These boys of the Green Mountains seem to possess a natural faculty of extracting fun from every vicissitude and accident that the changing hours can bring; even what are bitter vexations to others, those happy fellows treat in a manner so peculiar as completely to alter their former character and make them seem to us agreeable which was before in the highest degree offensive. Another man will repay an aggravation or an insult by instantly returning injury, cutting the acquaintance and shutting his heart forever against the offender; but a Vermont, with a smile upon his face will amuse himself while obtaining a far keener revenge, cracking a joke in conclusion, and making his former enemy forgive him and even love him after the chastisement.

One winter evening, a country store-keeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up his window shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain store-keeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of fortune which he might have gained a premium from the old inquisition.

"I say, Seth!" said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand upon the door, his hat upon his head and the roll of new butter in his hat anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down, I reckon, now, on such an e-far-nal night as this, little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow, come and sit down."

Seth felt very uncertain: he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of 'something warm' sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulder and planting him in a seat close to the stove where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that while the country grocer sat before him that there was no possibility of his getting out, and in this very place sure enough the store-keeper sat down.

"Seth, we will have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would hold. "Without it you would freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter setting down close

to his hair and jumped up declaring he must go.

"Not till you have had something warm, Seth, come I've got a story to tell you, too: sit down, now," and Seth was pushed into his seat by the cunning tormentor.

"Oh! it is to darn'd hot here," said the petty thief again attempting to rise.

"Set down—don't be in such a plaguy hurry," retorted the grocer, pushing him back into his chair.

"But I have got to fodder the cows, and split some wood, and must be a goin'," continued the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Set down and keep yourself cool. You appear to be fidgety," said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy.

"Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose—(it was about Christmas time)—here's a Christmas goose well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in all creation."

And Seth, don't you never use hog's fat or common cooking butter, just such as you see on that shelf is the only thing in nature fit to baste a goose with—come take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red hot furnace before him.

"Darnation cold night this," said the grocer.

"Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as though you was warm—here let me put your hat away!"

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat, "No I must go; let me out; I ain't well, let me go!"

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermont, "if you will go," adding as Seth got out into the road, "neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a nippeness, so I shan't charge that pound of butter."

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers hereby give notice that they have formed a partnership under the name of JESSE HOWE & SON, and have purchased the stock of Goods recently owned by Eli Howe, and they now offer the same for sale at the old stand on Paris Hill, where friends and customers are invited to call.

JESSE HOWE,
HENRY HOWE.
Paris, August 27, 1841.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

CALVIN BUCKMAN, Administrator of the estate of Nathan Dudley, late of Hiram, in said County, deceased, having presented his second account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 Copy, Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 24th day of Aug. in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

ON the petition of TIMOTHY GIBSON, administrator of the estate of James M. Rand, late of Brownfield, in said County, deceased, praying for a license to sell and convey the whole of the real estate of said deceased, for the payment of his debts and incidental charges:

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 Copy, Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

LEWIS JEWELL, Executor of the last Will and Testament of William Morse, late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 Copy, Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

RUTH H. ATWOOD, Administratrix of the estate of Nathan Atwood, late of Buckfield in said County, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased; also her petition for an allowance out of said deceased's personal estate:

Ordered, That the said Administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 Copy, Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

SETH KEEN, Jr., Administrator of the estate of Seth Keen, late of Oxford, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased; also his petition for an allowance out of said deceased's personal estate:

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 Copy, Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

WILLIAM COLE,
late of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

CYRUS COLE,
Buckfield, Aug. 24, 1841.
3w17

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Guardian of

MOSES BUTTERFIELD,
of Sumner, in the County of Oxford, by giving bond as the law directs. He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said Butterfield, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

MATTHEW O. RYKSON,
August 24th, 1841.
3w17

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

ON the petition of William B. McWain, Guardian of Leavitt B. McWain, Hannah A. McWain, and Anna A. McWain, minor children and heirs of David McWain late of Waterford in said County, deceased, for the license to sell and convey a part of the real estate of said wards as specified in said petition, for the payment of their debts—

Ordered, That the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 A true Copy Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

PAUL CLARK, Administrator of the estate of Cyrus Clark, late of Turner, in said County, deceased, having presented his 4th account of administration of the estate of said deceased; and showing cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 A true Copy Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

ASAPH KITTRIDGE, Administrator on the estate of Asaph Durell late of Woodstock in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, also his private account.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 A true Copy Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Waterford, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 24th day of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

MARY ATTERTON, Administratrix of the estate of Crombie Atherton, late of Waterford, in said County, deceased, having presented her first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and her petition as widow for an allowance out of said deceased's estate:

Ordered, That the said administratrix give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 Copy, Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

WILSON DEARBORN, Administrator of the estate of Luther Whiting, late of Hartford, in said County, deceased, having presented his 2d account of Administration of the estate of said deceased, also his private account.

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 Copy, Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

ALVAN PRIDE, Administrator of the Estate of Smith Pride late of Sumner, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 Copy, Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 3d day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

JOSEPH HUNTRESS, Administrator of the estate of Robert W. Huntress late of Hiram, in said County, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 Copy, Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

STIMON BARETT, Executor of the Will and Testament of Abraham Henth Jon late of Sumner, in said County, deceased, having presented his 2d account of administration of the estate of said deceased—

Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.
3w17 A true Copy Attest—John Goodenow, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 4th Tuesday of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

For sale at this Office.

Wanted—Immediately,
Two Apprentice Girls to the Tailoring Business.
Enquire of
C. TRIBOU,
Paris Hill, Aug. 17, 1841.

MILITARY CAPS & KNAPSACKS,
Notice by
WILSON & PUTNEY,
2nd
PORTLAND, ME.

20,000 lbs. WOOL.

WANTED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS.

20,000 lbs.

CLEAN FLEECE WOOL.

For which Cash and the highest Market price will be paid, if delivered soon at our Store in Motion's Building, Congress Street.

BUTTERFIELD & SMALL.

JUST received a complete assortment of W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES, which they offer at wholesale and retail in exchange for LUMBER or approved credit.

Portland, June 21, 1840.

Administrator's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given, that pursuant to a license from the Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford, there will be exposed for sale on the premises of 25th day of September next, at two o'clock P. M., so much of the real estate of Luther Whiting, late of Hartford, deceased, as will produce the sum of two hundred and thirty dollars, for the payment of his debts and incidental charges of sale. Said estate consists of about 44 acres of land with a barn attached to the same, situated in said Hartford. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

WILSON DEARBORN.
Paris, August 24th, 1841.

Notice of Foreclosure.

THE subscribers hereby give notice that they hold a mortgage deed of a certain parcel of land situated in Paris, in the County of Oxford, containing thirty-three acres which mortgage was given by David P. Stowell, of said Paris, bearing date April 12th, A. D. 1837, and is duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County, Book 51, Page 113, reference to said Record being had for a full description of the premises mortgaged, that the condition in said mortgage is broken, and that they hereby claim possession of said premises, and in furtherance of said deed, for condition broken, and in furtherance of the same pursuant to law.

LOREN WISLEY,
DANIEL YOUNG.
Norway, August 17th 1841.

Commissioner's Notice.

WE, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors of the estate of JAMES PHILLIPS, late of Turner, in said County, deceased, whose estate is represented insolvent, give notice that six months, commencing from the 25th day of May last, have been allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we will attend to the service as directed by the Judge of Probate, and on the 2nd Monday of November next.

EDWARD BLAKE,
SETH BRADFORD.
August 25th, 1841.

THE LION OF THE DAY.

THE OLD DUTCH OR GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

TO the Citizens of the United States and the Canadas, respectfully submitted this Directory to the means for regaining that which has been partially, and in some instances, totally lost.

What blessing should be prized more than that of health, and who knows better how to prize the blessing, than those who have been deprived of it? It is an old adage, (and one that contains a wise injunction,) "in time of peace, prepare for war."

We are in time of health preparing for the attacks of that stealthy lurking foe, Disease. It would be wisdom to observe its movements, to scan well the form in which he approaches, and then to meet him with those means which are calculated to effect his overthrow. Those means are now before this enlighten'd and enlighting community. They are necessary to the soul as well as the body, and I trust that those who regard the Constitution of man as one of the finest specimens of Divine workmanship, and the laws by which that system is governed, and directed, are originating in no other than in the common sense of the mind, and in the use of the latter as to provide the best and most salutary for the former.

It is with the most flattering recommendations, subscribed by the most eminent Medical gentlemen, not only in this Country, but also in Europe, that I offer this valuable Medicine to the American People.

Time and so I opportunity for a fair and impartial trial have placed the Lion of the Day beyond the reach of Lappington, Humbug, Quackery, &c.

This Lion is composed of extracts from nine parts of the vegetable kingdom, (being entirely free from any drug of a deleterious nature) and is adapted particularly to the cleansing of the (Stomach, Blood, and the various secretions of the Human System, Bilious Fevers, and Colic, Fever and Ague, Jaundice, Scaly Skin, Dropsy, and all the various diseases of the Liver and Gall-bladder, and in all cases where a purgative would cause all Diseases, but have failed. These Diseases, enumerated above, are within the power of these Pills and a sure cure or relief is warranted.

Paris Hill, H. HUBBARD; South Paris, Otis H. Paine; North Paris, Houghton & Bailey; Norway, E. C. Shackley; Wm. E. Goodnow; Oxford, Joseph Chaffin; East Andover, Leonard Brown; Livermore, John Haskell; East Andover, Thomas Haskell, Jr.; Livermore, Fiske, Kimball & Walker; Canton, Joseph Holland, John Harey; Dixfield, Charles L. Corley; East Andover, John Barker; Randolph Center, J. R. Knapp; John Crook; Randolph Center, Otis & Hubbard; Bethel, Elias M. Carter, Washington Bray; Randolph Falls, Charles S. Winslow.

NOTICE is hereby given that I claim possession of a five several parcels of land situated in Denmark, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by virtue of five several deeds of mortgage, to wit: One from Eliza Newcomb, dated October 10, 1835, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County Book 16, page 519; also one from Henry O. Colby, dated October 13, 1835, and recorded in said Registry Book 16, page 574; also a deed from Dominick G. Tabor, dated April 22, 1835, and recorded in said Registry Book 20, pages 33 and 36; also a deed from Leonard R. Ingalls, dated April 23, 1839, and recorded in said Registry Book 20, page 34; also a deed from Cyrus Logalis, dated October 10, 1835, and recorded in said Registry Book 16, page 525 and 529; I also claim possession by virtue of two several mortgage deeds, of two parcels of land situated in Hiram in the County aforesaid, to wit:—A deed from John McDonald dated November 12, 1833, and recorded in said Registry, Book 15, page 513 and 514; also a deed from Ephraim Kimball and Aaron Kimball, dated January 18, 1838, and recorded in said Registry, Book 19, page 432.

I also claim possession of a parcel of land situated partly in said town of Hiram and partly in said town of Denmark, by virtue of a mortgage deed from Ellis B. Usher, dated August 4, 1835, recorded in said Registry, Book 16, page 449, reference being had to said Registry for a more particular description of the several enumerated parcels.

In consequence of a breach of the conditions in said, and all of said mortgages, I claim possession of the said several parcels of land, and give this notice to foreclose said mortgages, pursuant to a Statute of this State.

JOSHUA B. OSGOOD.
Portland, August 12, 1841.

Foreclosures.

NOTICE is hereby given that I claim possession of a five several parcels of land situated in Denmark, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, by virtue of five several deeds of mortgage, to wit: One from Eliza Newcomb, dated October 10, 1835, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for said County Book 16, page 519; also one from Henry O. Colby, dated October 13, 1835, and recorded in said Registry Book 16, page 574; also a deed from Dominick G. Tabor, dated April 22, 1835, and recorded in said Registry Book 20, pages 33 and 36; also a deed from Leonard R. Ingalls, dated April 23, 1839, and recorded in said Registry Book 20, page 34; also a deed from Cyrus Logalis, dated October 10, 1835, and recorded in said Registry Book 16, page 525 and 529; I also claim possession by virtue of two several mortgage deeds, of two parcels of land situated in Hiram in the County aforesaid, to wit:—A deed from John McDonald dated November 12, 1833, and recorded in said Registry, Book 15, page 513 and 514; also a deed from Ephraim Kimball and Aaron Kimball, dated January 18, 1838, and recorded in said Registry, Book 19, page 432.

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POETRY.

From the French Censor.

Harvest Song.

Ho! rouse ye lads!—the morning breeze
Has swept the mist from the stream,
And afar on the hills, the towering trees
Are tipped with days first beam.
The stars are gone—the night has sped,
And the lark has hailed the day;
Arouse ye, then, while the morn is red—
Away to the fields—away!

To us no music sounds more sweet
Than the sharpening cling of the scythe;
And echoing hills with gladness greet
The song of the reaper blithe.
How pleasant to follow with rake in hand,
The mower's devious way,
And scatter abroad, with lightsome wand,
The green and perfumed hay!

Let the soldier exult in the pomp of war,
The king in his self-thrilled hall;
The freeman farmer is happier far
Than kings and lords, and all.
His are no fields with carnage red,
And drenched with the blood of the slain;
But hills and vales o'er which is spread
A harvest of waving grain.

The summer sun, o'er valley and plain,
Has shed his golden rays,
Till smiling acres of golden grain
Await the harvest day.
And into their borders we will not fail
To enter the mow to the knife;
And eager, too, are the cradle and flail
To be wielded in bloodless strife.

Then up and away! while the diamond dew
Bespangles the bending corn;
And gaily we'll labor, the while we woo
The breezy breath of morn.
And under the shade of the beeches green,
We'll rest at noon of day;
Hush! for the sickle and scythe so keen—
Away to the fields—away!

POPULAR TALES.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The Cot in the Wilderness.

AN INCIDENT OF THE 18TH CENTURY.
AS RELATED BY A VETERAN OF THE OLD FREEDOM WAR.
BY HORATIO KINS.

In the year 1747, in the interior of the province of Maine, might have been seen a small turf-covered stone hut, raised on a slight eminence in the midst of the wilderness. From a dense thick-
et of shrubs and fallen trees, it was apparently inaccessible except in one direction. The spot was chosen and the habitation thus erected as a security against the Indians, while its occupants gained a livelihood by the sports of the forest. They were far removed from civilized society; and none but daring spirits would have ventured thus to risk their lives so unnecessarily and in a manner so singular. They were two brothers—the one aged twenty-three, and the other twenty-five years; and having been raised, as it were, in the bosom of danger, their wild and almost un-governable spirits seemed rather to invite than avoid the difficulties and perils, to which many of the early settlers of the country were exposed. With one bold effort they penetrated the forest some fifty miles beyond the boundary of civiliza-tion, to the place described.

They were known as the "Two Brothers." Both were expert marksmen and took great pleasure in wild sports. In erecting their hut, they adopted the precaution not only of having it fire proof and substantially built, but provided to it also a secret underground outlet, by which in case of imminent danger, they might make their escape unharmed. This passage extended from the cellar of the hut a distance of many rods be-
neath it, and was concealed, being also well secured hill-sides. But for fear of the savage, the at either end. Indeed, that many a civilized situation was one, tickled by the buffeting of the cold-headed and sea-
vied.

Here dwelt the Two Brothers. For the world they cared little; they had in themselves self-sufficiency enough to learn that avarice and envy, far too large a space in its history for the happiness of mankind. Apart from the world, they were in a great measure independent of it. They weighed their inconveniences; but they were not ignorant of the advantages, also, which they enjoyed. They had confidence in each other; and each gave to the other the strongest assurance of his determination to maintain his integrity—that of adhering constantly and invariably to the golden rule of "doing as he would be done by."

It was in the depth of winter. The hills and valleys were deep clad in snow, the streams were bound in icy chains, and silence reigned in the wilderness. With closed door, the two brothers might have been observed comfortably seated by a lively fire in their hitherto unmolested habita-tion, talking over their adventures and planning for the future. Already had they passed over two years in their novel situation, and they be-gan to feel that they would exchange it for no other. To the elder, one thing alone seemed wanting to satisfy his desires of happiness. The time had been when his heart beat high in view of the agreeable prospect before him. He had known the pleasure of having his own feelings of lively affection for an amiable and lovely being responded to with equal warmth of attachment. The time, indeed, had been when his happiness seemed consummated by a union with that being in wedlock; the recollection of which could not be effaced from his memory. That union was most suddenly and cruelly broken! Hence the shades of sadness which occasionally might have been observed stealing over his countenance, in reviewing the history of the past.

Leaving the two brothers in their lonely re-treat, let us now turn back a period of three years to 1744. Assembled in a remote part of one of the border towns of the province referred to, might then have been witnessed a small wedding party. It was in the month of November. The occa-sion being one of no inconsiderable interest, the friends and acquaintances of the parties in the neighborhood had promptly made their appear-ance to witness the "tying of the knot" and aid in celebrating the event in a suitable manner.

Oxford Democrat

No. 19, Vol. 1, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, September 14, 1841.

Old Series. No. 30, Vol. 8.

From the Democratic Review.

Death in the School-Room.

A FACT.

Ting-a-ling-ling!—went the little bell on the teacher's desk of a village school one morning, when the studies of the earlier part of the day were about half completed. It was well un-derstood that this was a command for silence and attention; and when these had been obtained, the master spoke. He was a low thick set man, and his name was Lugare.

"Boys," said he, "I have had a complaint en-tered, that last night some of you were steal-ing fruit from Mr. Nichols' Garden. I rather think I know the thief. Tim Baker, step up here, sir."

The one to whom he spoke came forward.—He was a slight, fair looking boy of about four-teen; and his face had a laughing, good-humored expression, which even the charge preferred against him, and the stern tone and threatening look of the teacher had not entirely dissipated. The countenance of the boy, however, was too un-pleasantly fair for health; it had notwithstanding its fleshy, cheerful look, a singular cast, as if some inward disease, and that a fearful one, were seated within. As the stripling stood before that place of judgement, that place, so often made the scene of heartless and coarse brutality, of timid innocence confused, helpless childhood outraged, and gentle feelings crushed—Lugare looked on him with a frown which plainly told that he felt in no very pleasant mood. Happily a worthier and more philosophical system is pro-viding to men that schools can be better governed, than by lashes and tears and sighs. We are waxing towards that consummation when one of the old fashioned school-masters, with his cow-hide, his heavy birch rod, and his many inge-nious methods of child torture, will be gazed up-on as a second memento of an ignorant, cruel, and exploded doctrine. May propitious gales speed the day!

"Were you by Mr. Nichols' garden fence last night?" said Lugare.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "I was."
"Well, sir, I am glad to find you so ready with your confession. And so you thought you could do a little robbing, and enjoy yourself in a manner you ought to be ashamed to own, with-out being punished, did you?"

"I have not been robbing," replied the boy quickly. His face was suffused, whether with resentment or fright, it was difficult to tell.—
"And I didn't do any thing."

"No impudence!" exclaimed the teacher, passionately, as he grasped a long and heavy ratan; "give me none of your sharp speeches, or I'll thrash you till you beg like a dog."

The youngster's face paled a little, his lip quivered, but he did not speak.

"And pray, sir," continued Lugare, as the outward signs of wrath disappeared from his fea-tures; "what were you about the garden for? Perhaps you only received the plunder, and had an accomplice to do the more dangerous part of the job?"

"I went that way because it is on my road home. I was there again afterward to meet an acquaintance: and—and— But I did not go into the garden, nor take any thing away from it. I would not steal—hardly to save myself from starving."

"You had better have stuck to that last even-ing. You were seen, Tim Baker, to come from under Mr. Nichols' garden fence, a little after nine o'clock with a bag full of something or other over your shoulders. The bag had ev-ery appearance of being filled with fruit, and this morning the melon beds are found to have been completely cleared. Now, sir, what was there in the bag?"

Like fire itself glowed the face of the detected lad. He spoke not a word. All the school had their eyes directed at him. The perspi-ration ran down his white forehead like rain-drops.

"Speak, sir!" exclaimed Lugare, with a loud strike of his ratan on the desk.

The boy looked as though he would faint.—But the unmerciful teacher confident of having brought to light a criminal, and exulting in the idea of the severe chastisement he should now be justified in inflicting, kept working himself up to a still greater and greater degree of passion. In the mean time, the child seemed hardly to know what to do with himself. His tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth. Either he was very much frightened, or he was actually unwell.

"Speak, I say!" again thundered Lugare; and his hand, grasping his ratan, towered above his head in a very significant manner.

"I hardly can, sir," said the poor fellow faint-ly. His voice was husky and thick. "I will tell you some—some other time. Please to let me go to my seat—! it's very well."

"Oh yes; this is very likely," and Mr. Lu-gare bulged out his nose and cheeks with con-tempt. "Do you think to make me believe your lies?—I've found you out, sir, plainly enough; and I am satisfied that you are as precious a lit-tle villain as there is in the State. But I will postpone settling with you for an hour yet. I shall then call you up again; and if you don't tell the whole truth then, I will give you some-thing that will make you remember Mr. Nichols' melons for many a month to come—go to your seat."

Glad enough for the ungracious permission, and answering not a sound, the child crept trem-blingly to his bench. He felt very strangely, dizzily—more as if he was in a dream than in real life; and laying his arms on his desk, bow-ed down his face between them. The pupils turned to look at him, and for during

the reign of Lugare in the village school, they had been so used to scenes of violence and se-vere chastisement, that such things made but lit-tle interruption in the tenor of their way.

Now while the intervening hour is passing, we will clear up the history of the bag, and of young Barker being under the garden fence on the preceding night. The boy's mother was a widow, and they both had to live in the very narrowest limits. His father had died when he was six years old, and little Tim was left a sick-ly infant whom no one expected to live many months. To the surprise of all, however, the child kept alive, and seemed to recover his health, as he certainly did his size and good looks.—This was owing to the kind offices of an eminent physician who had a country seat in the neigh-borhood, and who had been interested in the widow's little family. Tim, the physician said, might possibly outgrow his disease; but every thing was uncertain. It was a mysterious and baffling malady; and it would not be wonderful if he should in some moment of apparent health be taken away. The poor widow was at first in a continual state of uneasiness! but several years had now passed and none of the impending evils had fallen upon the boy's head. His mother seemed to feel confident that he would live, and be a help and an honor to her old age; and the two struggled together, mutually happy in each other, and enduring much of poverty and discomfort, each for the other's sake.

Tim's pleasant disposition had made him many friends in the village, and among the rest a young farmer named Jones, who with his older brother, worked a large farm in the neighborhood on shares. Jones very frequently made Tim a present of a bag of potatoes or corn, or some garden vegetables, which he took from his own stock; but as his partner was a parsimonious, high-tem-pered man, and had often said that Tim was an idle fellow, and ought not to be helped because he did not work, Jones generally made his gifts in such a manner that no one knew anything about them, except himself and the grateful ob-jects of his kindness. It might be, that the wid-ow was loath to have it understood by the neigh-bors that she received food from any one; for there is often an excusable pride in people of her condition which makes them shrink from being considered as objects of "charity" as they would from the severest pains. On the night in ques-tion, Tim had been told that Jones would send them a bag of potatoes, and the place at which they were to be waiting for him was fixed at Mr. Nichols' garden fence. It was this bag that Tim had been seen staggering under, and which caused the unlucky boy to be accused and convicted by his teacher as a thief. That teacher was one lit-tle fitted for his important and responsible office. Hasty to decide, and inflexible severe, he was the terror of the little world he ruled so despotically. Punishment, he seemed to delight in. Knowing little of those sweet fountains which in children's breasts ever open quickly at the call of gentleness and kind words, he was feared by all for his stern-ness, and loved by none. I would that he were an isolated instance in his profession.

The happy event of Tim's joyful-received dis-mission. Now and then one of the scholars would direct a furtive glance at Tim, sometimes in pity, sometimes in indifference or inquiry.—They knew he would have no mercy shown him, and though most of them loved him, whipping was to common there to exact much sympathy. Every inquiring glance, however, remained unsat-isfied, for at the end of the hour, Tim remained with his face completely hidden, and his head bowed in his arms, precisely as he had leaped himself when he first went to his seat. Lugare looked at the boy occasionally with a scowl, which seemed to bode vengeance for his silliness.—At length the last class had been heard, and the last lesson recited, and Lugare seated himself be-hind his desk on the platform, with his longest and stoutest ratan before him.

"Now, Barker," he said, "we'll settle that little business of yours. Just step up here."

Tim did not move. The school-room was as still as the grave. Not a sound was to be heard, except occasionally a long-drawn breath.

"Mind me, sir, or it will be the worse for you. Step up here, and take off your jacket!"

The boy did not stir any more than if he had been of wood. Lugare shook with passion. He sat still a minute, as if considering the best way to wreak his vengeance. That minute passed in death-like silence, was a fearful one to some of the children, for their faces whitened with fright. It seemed, as it slowly dropped away, like the minute which precedes the climax of an exqui-sitely performed tragedy, when some mighty mas-ter of the histrionic art is treading the stage, and you and the multitude around you are waiting, with stretched nerves and suspended breath, in-expectation of the terrible catastrophe.

"Tim is asleep, sir," at length said one of the boys who sat near him.

Lugare, at this intelligence, allowed his fea-tures to relax from their expression of savage an-ger into a smile, but that smile looked more ma-jignant, if possible, than his former scowls. It might be that he felt amused at the horror depic-ted on the faces of those about him; or it might be that he was gloating in pleasure on the way in which he intended to wake up the poor little slumberer.

"Asleep! are you, my young gentleman!" said he; "let us see if we can't find something to tickle your eyes open. There's nothing like making the best of a bad case, boys. Tim, here, is determined not to be worried in his mind about a little flogging, for the thought of it can't even keep the little scoundrel awake."

Lugare smiled again as he made his last obser-vation. He grasped his ratan firmly, and descend-ed from his seat. With light and stealthy steps he crossed the room, and stood by the unlucky sleeper. The boy was as unconscious of his im-pending punishment as ever. He might be dream-ing some golden dream of youth and pleasure; perhaps he was far away in the world of fancy, seeing scenes, and feeling delights which cold rea-lity never can bestow. Lugare lifted his ratan high over his head, and with the true and expert aim which he had acquired from long practice, brought it down on Tim's back with a force and whacking sound which seemed sufficient to awak-en a freezing man in his last lethargy. Quick-

The parson of the town, of course, was among the number present: and being of a facetious disposition, contributed freely to the hilarity of the occasion. The ceremony of uniting the bands being over, the parson broke the silence of the moment by at once impressing upon the lips of the fair bride a hearty kiss, with the re-quest that the company would not suffer them-selves to be embarrassed on his account! The hint, though perhaps unnecessary, was pertinent and yielded to without reluctance. In a word, cheerfulness, mirth and joy ruled the evening un-till a late hour, when the parties prepared to sepa-rate for their several places of abode.

But, the next instant, how changed the scene! The alarm was given that the house was sur-rounded by savages, some of whom had already communicated fire to it, while all stood ready with uplifted tomahawk, to make sure of their victims! The scene was now heart-rending in the extreme. With scarcely a probability of escape, the inmates rushed forth, their only hope of safety being in flight. In this, fortunately, the largest number were successful; but the rest either found death upon the spot or were taken prisoners.

Among those who escaped were the two bro-thers, the elder of whom was the bridegroom; but the young bride was missing! The savages had completed their horrible work and departed, taking several of their victims into captivity, and leaving behind the lifeless remains of others. Of the captives was the bride of the evening. Ignor-ant whether her dearest friends escaped, or fell by the fatal tomahawk, she was hurried cruelly away, doomed to sorrow and wretchedness. All pursuit was unavailing—the unfortunate captives were beyond the reach of rescuing hand.

Behold how sudden the transition from joy to extreme sorrow—from happiness to misery!—One moment, the world and all connected with life appearing as the sun at summer noon—the next, as the tempest cloud on the breast of night.

Between the Two Brothers, from childhood had existed the closest intimacy, arising from the warmest and even peculiar attachment for each other. In this fact, doubtless, may be found the principal reason why the younger followed the elder in the wild and adventurous enterprise of making the wilderness his home. Be that as it may, the latter determined on that mode of life, and the former joined him in it.

But to return to their retreat. As before re-marked, winter was upon them, and they were enjoying the comfort of the fireside in preference to encountering, in a hunting excursion, the se-vere cold without. Their little hut was their castle; and having so long occupied it undisturb-ed, they regarded it as a place of almost entire safety. Indeed, to their knowledge, neither friend nor foe had as yet come near them; and they had almost ceased expecting to see even their savage enemy. At this moment what must have been their surprise, on hearing a gentle tap at their door! It was repeated, and, hastily seizing their muskets, they demanded in a resolute tone, "Who's there?" The immediate response was, "A poor female in distress!" The door was at once unbolted and cautiously opened, when, be-hold the object before them appeared indeed no other than an Indian woman in extreme wretch-edness. Extending his hand, the elder accosted her in words of kindness, welcoming her to their fireside and assuring her of their willingness and ability to protect her. He had, however, scarcely closed the salutation, before, gazing upon and wildly embracing him, she lay senseless in his arms!

The fact was now readily understood. The captive bride, having escaped from the Indians, had, indeed, most providentially found protection, where she least expected it, in the bosom of her husband! She had wandered long and far in the hope of reaching some settlement of the whites, and was nearly exhausted by cold, fatigue and hunger; or otherwise might she, perhaps, have sustained herself on recognizing, in a supposed stranger, to her the dearest object in existence.

An account of her sufferings would be little more than a repetition of the familiar history of many others, alike unfortunate in the early days of New England. Suffice it to say, on her cap-ture, she was at once selected by Kah-me-ka-ha, the chief of the tribe, as peculiarly worthy of being honored by his hand and becoming the inti-mate companion also of Neekora, a favorite wife, who hitherto had fondly but vainly hoped he would be content with herself alone. Most fortu-nately for the captive, however, the chief had decided on a hostile expedition, which required his absence for a considerable period, and the nuptials were postponed until he should return, when the ceremony was to be consummated with great display and rejoicings. In the meantime he placed his much valued prize under the charge of his wife, Neekora, with the strictest injunc-tions to watch over, minister to her wants, and protect her from the blighting touch of the despoiling hand.

With a chosen band, Kah-me-ka-ha departed, eager to avenge his vengeance in the summary chastisement of a distant tribe, for some recent un-prompted injury.

The fair captive now enjoyed temporary relief from apprehensions of the most appalling charac-ter; and her first and only study was how to ef-fect her escape before her chief's return. Pruden-tially exhibiting as little the appearance of dis-content as possible, she spoke freely of the prob-able future happiness as the still more intimate partner of her to whom alone she now looked for protection, confidently trusting in Heaven for de-livery. But Neekora listened with a heavy heart. She could not endure the thought that Kah-me-ka-ha was to bestow even the smallest part of his love upon another; yet, she, too, bore her dis-content in silence.

The chief had now been absent many months,

and no tidings of him received. At length, nearly three years having elapsed since his departure, two of his band returned, bringing intelligence that Kah-me-ka-ha, in the contest with his ene-mies, had received a severe wound, rendering his return, for a considerable time to come, im-possible. This was sad news to Neekora; and her sorrow became deeper as she witnessed the apparent impatience and regret of her young com-patriot on the subject. From this moment Neekora determined to seek her own happiness, in placing the young captive beyond the reach of Kah-me-ka-ha. Accordingly, after a short time, she proposed to aid her in making her escape.—As may well be conceived, the proposition was joyously entertained and readily assented to.—Born up by hope and strengthened by her con-stant reliance on the Almighty, the young cap-tive had survived her companions in bondage, all of whom, one after another having been released by death.

Neekora had learned the nearest direction to where the pale faces lived; and it now remained only to prepare, and choose the most proper time for the accomplishment of the object in view.—On the part of both, strict secrecy was observed, as in that alone was Neekora safe. But the pe-riod having now nearly arrived when Kah-me-ka-ha was expected to return, no time was to be lost. Taking, therefore, a small supply of food, and accompanied by Neekora as her guide, the young captive, in the early part of a winter night, turned her steps toward her distant and long-wished for home. But of her guide she must soon be deprived, as Neekora could venture to be absent only until the dawn of morning, lest her own life were exposed. The parting of that night was hardly less painful to the latter than the former, for whom, notwithstanding her fears of rivalry, Neekora entertained a lively regard.

Finding herself now alone in an almost bound-less wilderness, taking the stars for her guide, the unfortunate maiden exerted her utmost en-ergies in pressing onward toward the anxiously de-sired haven—the home of her childhood. But though the morning found Neekora securely in her own wigwam, to the captive maiden there ap-peared indeed but a gloomy prospect in view. In addition to the extreme coldness of the sea-son, the day after her departure was rendered all more insufferable by a severe snow-storm, threat-ening an entire stop to her progress. Yet, steadily relying on the goodness of Providence, she did not cease to press forward, and, after a long and weary journey, she reached a small mor-sel of food remaining, and miserably clad, she beheld the third sun since her departure sink-ing in the west, she was on the point of resign-ing herself into the welcome hands of death; but at this moment, to her unspeakable joy, she dis-covered at a distance what at once appeared to be a human dwelling. Deeply agitated by fear, but borne onward by hope, she approached; it was the lonely hut of the Two Brothers. Her reception we have already described.

But other difficulties still were to be encoun-tered—at least, sufficient reason existed for be-lieving that the Indians, (more especially should Kah-me-ka-ha have returned) on discovering their loss, would make immediate pursuit; and, with these apprehensions, the little family speedily pre-pared to change, at an early day, their residence in the wilderness for one among their old asso-ciates and friends.

Their fears were not without foundation. On the night immediately preceding the day fixed on for their departure, a party of savages, led on by Kah-me-ka-ha himself, having traced their lost captive to the spot, made their appearance, and with hideous yells, violently attacked the humble dwelling, in the confident expectation of again securing her to themselves. The utmost efforts were made to enter by the door, but without suc-cess. At length, the only window of the cot be-ing equally well guarded, one of the savage band attempted to gain admittance through the rough stone chimney. He succeeded—but only to find up his life upon a bed of burning coals! His fate stood ready, but wisely concluded not to follow.

Thus passed the night. The morning sun rose only to witness on the part of the savages still more desperate efforts—but all in vain. The two brothers had faithfully fortified themselves against such an emergency as was now present-ed; and they made the most of their advantages. But finding the Indians determined to remain until necessity should compel the inmates to sur-render, the second night after the attack was chosen by the latter to make their escape through the secret passage to which we have adverted.—Accordingly, when night came, embracing a fa-vorable moment while the savages appeared busily en-gaged near the dwelling, they cautiously crept from their fortress into the open air—closing be-hind them the passage doors, (which were so con-structed as not readily to be discovered,) and were soon beyond the reach of savage cruelty.

After a fatiguing journey of three nights and two days, to the astonishment and inexpressible joy of their friends, the two brothers, accompa-nied by the long lost wife of the elder, reached their former residence in safety, overjoyed with having, by the blessing of heaven, returned under circumstances of such peculiar interest.

The Indians left, not until they had succeeded, finally, in entering the now deserted habitation. But their disappointment and anger at finding no one within, soon yielded to fear at, to them, so miraculous a delivery; and they fled in con-temnation and alarm. Attributing the miracle to the immediate interposition of the Great Spirit, they ever after regarded the cot in the wilder-ness with the most profound awe, mixed with fearful apprehensions.

Washington City, August 1841.

and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch piled his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back, and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of two or three minutes from very weariness. But still Tim showed no signs of motion; and Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over on the desk, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the ritan dropped from his grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as at some spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would fail him. The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room and Lugare had been flogging a corpse.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A MORMON CHAMPION—SWINDLING MR. PIERCE OF HIS FARM—THE MORMONS SOLD IT FOR \$3,000 AND TOOK THE MONEY—HE IS HOMELESS—CHEATING A MARINER AND FARMER OF HIS HOME—THE HEART-RENDING FINALE.

From various quarters, we continue to hear of the shameful practices of the Mormons, and we are sorry to say that they have found one newspaper willing to promulgate anything, no matter what in jurisdiction or aid of such an arrant piece of knavery as Mormonism. A fellow calling himself Galland, a miserable land speculator and confederate of the notorious Joe Smith, in order to keep up the imposture, until the land which he has sold the Mormons in Illinois is settled and paid for, has been permitted to publish a piece of impudence in one of our papers. The mass of abusive scurrility we shall of course not descend to notice, further than to expose a gross falsehood, which, if uncontradicted, might aid them in their scheme of plunder. It will be recollected that a host of charges have been preferred against them, quite insufficient to consign the leaders to the State Prison. All the most criminal portions are passed over in guilty silence, and one of minor importance is selected, by which it is hoped to gain some of innocence. It is the charge of cheating the bank note engravers, who it had been asserted, were never enabled to swindle the community out of immense sums. This associate in crime says in his defence—

"This assertion is a base falsehood, the evidence of which I have at this time in my possession, and had before his calumny was published."

Since this exposition (as we have before named) was made, they have effected a settlement with Messrs. Underwood, Bald, & Co., the engravers observe, after that exposure, although he would feign have it thought otherwise. We hope yet to compel them into more acts of justice. Unfortunately, however, the engravers, after being kept out of their money four years, were paid in lands out of which these Mormon swindlers had cheated some of their credulous dupes, so that after all it was only robbing Peter to pay Paul. And after a long tirade of vulgar scurrility and abuse, their champion undertakes to deny a single charge out of the scores with which they are accused, and even in this makes the matter much worse than it was before.

But really this is an offensive task. To be compelled, even by a strong sense of public duty, to lower ourselves so much to a level with such vagabonds, as to hold controversy with them in any shape, is humiliating. It is truly mortifying. Nothing, indeed, but a strong unmitigated abhorrence of so gross a combination of blasphemy, fraud and villainy, as is this Mormon imposture could possibly induce us to notice their emissaries, prowling about the country to swindle people of their hard earnings. As independent public journalists, we feel that we do but a disagreeable duty in exposing their rascalities, and putting people upon their guard, for they are literally stealing about, "seeking whom they may devour." The great purpose of the knaves is to get possession of other people's property—and to do this, they are drawing over them the cloak of a pretended new revelation.

In a note to a previous editorial in the Courier, we named that they had deluded a Mr. Pierce, of Chester county, whose farm they wheedled him out of, by promising to give him six thousand dollars' worth of their pretended land in Nauvoo.

They got possession of all Mr. Pierce's property (worth over six thousand dollars,) and sold it within a stone's throw of where we are now writing of their wickedness, viz. in the public sales-room of the Merchant's Exchange. They took it, or pretended to, at \$6,000, and sold it at auction for \$3,000!!! The facts are all well known to great numbers of the most respectable farmers of that magnificent county, and there is there among them but one unmitigated feeling of disgust for the swindlers, and sorrow for the deluded Mr. Pierce, who has an interesting family, who are now rendered homeless by these prowling vagabonds, swindlers and cheats.

With property, which they swindled out of a Chester county dupe, they have paid the bank note engravers, for the reason that they saw clearly enough that while this charge of cheating was hanging over their heads, they would not be so likely to make more dupe heresabouts, and cheat them out of their farms, homesteads, and other property.

This is the great object of all their efforts—money, money—property, property, property. The property of other people they have

*By accident, in a small portion of a previous issue of the Courier, the sum was put down at \$500, instead of \$6,000.

determined to get hold of or if they can, by hook or by crook, (so that the leading imposters can live in idleness,) and our heart bleeds, that in too many instances (some most touching ones too,) they have been far too successful. It is a piece of knavery upon which the press is bound to speak out—and we rejoice that so far as this paper is concerned, we meet from all intelligent minds, nothing but unqualified approval of the course we pursue. Upon this theme, we have a warm feeling of approbation from one extent of the country to the other. We shall do our duty, and the miserable threats of the lawless and swindling leaders will never receive aught from this quarter but unqualified contempt.

To-day, we append one more specimen of their heartless knavery, which cannot fail to cause a thrill of sorrow for the sufferer from the heart of every reader.

From the Dunkirk N. Y. Beacon.

A VICTIM TO MORMONISM.

On the shore of the lake, seven miles west of this in Portland, the attention of the traveller would be arrested by a well finished, neat and commodious dwelling, the appearance of a well cultivated, good conditioned farm, indicating the abode of taste, industry and happiness. Do you stop to quaff the cooling water, or to enjoy a lounge under the pleasant piazza, protected from the scorching sun by a beautiful grove, in vain do you listen for the domestic song, or linger for the welcome of hospitality—Silence and solitude reign there. It is the hour of busy labor. You look around: at a distance you discover a man toiling in the field, alone; and he is the goodly pattern of a man. He invites you to a conference; you become interested in his history. He tells you he was the son of a sterner climate—cradled on the sea-lashed banks of Nova Scotia. In riper years, his home was the ocean. The brig, of which he was the owner and commander, foundered at sea; he was saved by taking to the long boat. He returned to the land of his birth, and married his betrothed; and in after years, when the father of six children, he removed with his family and settled upon this very farm eighteen years since, then in the wildest state. Here he continued in all the enjoyment consequent upon a virtuous life, possessed of the esteem and confidence of his neighbors, and a competence of this world's goods. His domestic relations were happy—uninterrupted so, until within two years since—The spoiler came: a Mormon preacher appeared in the neighborhood. The wife, sons and daughters of this now lone man were among his hearers. Wild fanaticism fastened upon them, and they became converts of Mormonism. The golden Bible and the "revelations" of Joe Smith bid them prepare to journey to the "promised land." The husband and father interposed, but reason and kind persuasion were unavailing. The pictured scenes of "home" were but the gloom of night compared with the bright visions of the Mormon "heaven and earth." And Mormonism required the sacrifice of domestic bliss, a severance of the conjugal tie—of filial bonds.

And these were not enough to satisfy the demands of the strange God: pecuniary tribute property of the man already bereft of wife and children. Heartless and hopeless he yielded to the demand; and besides his horses and the cattle of the field, he literally emptied his house to satiate the cupidity of this other Juggernaut. They left him alone! The wife, two sons, and three daughters, arrived in Missouri. In three months after their arrival on Mormon ground, the mother sickened and died. And now Joshua Crosby, widowed and childless, though he be by the power of Mormon delusion, having recovered from the shock, with the big heart of a sailor forgives, and stands ready for another pull at the oar on the ocean of life.

American Naval Victories.

War was declared between England and America in June, 1812. Peace was signed at Ghent, Dec. 24, 1814, and proclaimed by the President, Feb. 18, 1815.

There were fifteen actions between English and American vessels of war. In eleven battles, fought by single ships, the Americans conquered; in four only the British triumphed—two of which were taken by single ships, viz: Chesapeake, of 47 guns, taken by the Shannon, 52; and the Argus, 16 guns, taken by the Pelican, 20. The other two British captures were two to one against us.

During the war, there were captured from the British on the Ocean, three frigates and fifteen sloops of war, and smaller ships; and on the Lakes, thirteen, several of them brigs and sloops. The whole number captured by the Americans was thirty-one. The British took from us, and destroyed at navy yards, but twenty-three armed vessels, viz: three frigates (Chesapeake, President, and Essex,) twelve sloops and gun brigs and eight schooners.

Of the commanders who fought the naval battles there have died:

Decatur, who took the Macedonian, October, 25, 1812.

Bainbridge, who took the Java, Dec. 20, 1812.

Lawrence, who took the Peacock, February 24, 1813.

Burrus, who took the Boxer, September 5, 1813.

Blakely, who took the Reindeer, June 28, 1814. Also the Avon, Sept. 7, 1814.

Perry, of the Lawrence; Almy, of the Somers; Senatt, of the Porcupine; and T. Holdup Stevens, of the Trippe, of Commodore Perry's squadron of six ships on Lake Erie, September 13, 1813.

Mardonough, of the Saratoga, and Hilly, of the Eagle of Commodore Macdonough's squadron that captured the British squadron of four vessels on Lake Champlain, Sept. 11, 1814.

Allan, of the Argus taken by the Pelican, Aug. 14, 1813.

The surviving naval commanders, in the last war, who achieved victories, are:

Isaac Hull, who took the Guerriere, August 20, 1812.

David Porter, who took the "Alert," August 13, 1812, and fought the ships Phoebe and Cherub at Valparaiso, March 28, 1814.

Jacob Jones, who took the Frolic, October 18, 1812.

Lewis Warrington, who took the Epervier, April 20, 1814.

Charles Stewart, who took the two sloops Levant Cyane with the Constitution, February 20, 1815.

Jesse D. Elliott, who commanded the Niagara in Perry's victory.

Daniel Turner, who commanded the Caledonia.

Stephen Champlin, who commanded the Scorpion.

Stephen Cassin, of the Ticonderago, in Macdonough's victory.

Of the surviving commanders, all are the Post Captains except Commodore Champlin and Captain Porter.

There are many survivors still on the list of our gallant naval officers who were distinguished by bravery and good conduct, in the war, under the command of superiors; but the above are all the survivors of those that had immediate commands. The catalogue presents thirteen deceased and nine living.

DISTINCTIONS IN SOCIETY.

In examining a large pile of old communications, we came upon signed "P. O.," in which the subject of distinctions in society is discussed. We do not conceive it necessary to give it in length. We, and we are not alone, but hundreds besides, in every part of the country, have touched this subject "many a time and oft," both directly and indirectly, both incidentally and in essays "written expressly" for existing occasions; yet the evil continues, and will we fear continue, until by some means the ancient spirit of equality that once shed moral dew from its wings on the heads of our forefathers, shall make the piano give place to the spinning wheel, put the plough handle into such hands as now wield the ivory-headed cane, convert the kitchen into a more creditable place of common resort than the drawing-room or parlor, and render

as fashionable as genteel dandy gear now is.

We are not, however, exactly so ultra in our notions, as to desire those things literally in their fullest extent; but we would hail with joy a return of the spirit of those days, even though the improved circumstances, the increased means of our country, might not require an exact conformity of external appearance in the details of its practical development. But the tendency of the times is the other way; and believing this, we agree with our correspondent in denouncing those who, with republican professions on their lips, exhibit the aristocracy of their feelings in their conduct; and those children and more remote descendants of mechanic and laborers, who affect to despise the employments by which they were enabled to inherit wealth. We give his remedy in its own words thus:

"This pernicious habit has been derived from the false distinctions monarohies, where the mechanic professions are considered menial, pervades the whole land, and is becoming an evil of the magnitude. It is mischievous in the highest degree, and inconsistent with our free institutions, and the only way to cure the evil is to go to the root of it, and to show those persons who imagine they will increase the respectability of their families by making their sons lawyers, doctors or merchants, their delusion; for 'the highest point of respectability is honest industry,' and the practice of the mechanic arts, as a profession, is as respectable as that of commerce, law or physic. It is the pernicious error on this point which is so ruinous to society; it fills the mercantile line of business to excess, and makes professional life a mere 'labyrinth of laziness' and mistaken respectability."

NAVAL.—The Boston Mercantile Journal states that the frigate Macedonian, Commodore Wilkinson and the sloop of war Warren, Commander Jameson, have received orders to sail on a cruise, and will probably leave port on Saturday, that being the favorite day for going to sea! It is to be regretted that this custom could not be abolished.

We understand that orders have been received at this navy yard, to get ready for sea, not only the Ohio, but the frigate Columbia, the sloop of war John Adams, and the schr. Grampus. The Columbia will probably require extensive repairs, and, of course, will have to go into the dry dock, where the Erie, altered into a store ship, is now undergoing repairs. The John Adams has been lying at the yard, ready for sea, for many months.

It is said that Capt. T. Ap Catesby Jones will be appointed to the command of the Pacific squadron.

The United States frigate Brandywine left Lisbon on the 29th of July, for her station in the Mediterranean.

The French brig of war Daunois arrived at Pensacola, Florida, from Vera Cruz, on the 17th ult. She is commanded by Mons. S. F. Vignaud. The Daunois will remain in Pensacola till the arrival of the corvette La Sabine, and both will probably stay there until the hurricane season in the gulf is over.

From the Charleston Patriot, Sept. 4.

LATEST FROM FLORIDA.

By the steamer Gen. Clinch, we have received the Savannah Republican of yesterday, from which we copy the following:

"The steamer Gen. Clinch, Captain Brooks, arrived last evening from Palatka. From a passenger we learn that Hospitaka and all his band had come in at Tampa. Tigetial was sent in word to Gen. Worth that he will be in by the 6th inst., with his people. There were 240 Indians in at Tampa before Hospitaka came in with his tribe. None of the Indians have yet been shipped to the West. Our informant assures us that every thing appears favorable for a speedy termination of the war."

A DESOLATING SCOURGE.

The New York Medical Gazette gives the following incidental notice of the epidemic which first gave rise to the internal use of Mercury for Medical purposes:—

"Upwards of a century ago, the American Colonies were the scene of one of the most dreadful epidemics which ever desolated a country. It was generally denominated the *RUPTID SCURVY*, and it commenced its career in May, 1735, at Kingston, an inland town of New Hampshire. From thence it spread itself gradually to the neighboring towns and villages. In the month of September of the same year, it reached Boston. Its progress westward was slow but uninterrupted. Nearly two years elapsed before it reached Hudson river, from whence it continued to spread to the south and west, until it had involved the whole of the colonies in one common calamity. The number who fell victims to the disease was immense. Upon the population of New England, more especially, it committed most dreadful ravages. According to the accounts furnished by Dr. Douglass, a physician of Boston, it appears that one fourth of the inhabitants, of that place were seized with it, and of these in thirty-five died of it. In other places, he states that one-sixth, one-fourth, and even one-third of the sick fell victims to it. By Dr. Kenly, an eminent practitioner of Philadelphia, an affecting account was left of its devastations. 'Like most new diseases,' says he, 'till their constitution and nature are known, it swept all before it; it baffled every attempt to stop its progress, and seemed by its dire effects to be more like the drawn sword of vengeance to stop the growth of the colonies, than the natural progress of the disease. In the New England governments, the stroke was felt with the greatest severity; villages were almost depopulated, and parents were left to bewail the loss of their tender offspring, till Heaven at last, the only unerring physician, was pleased to check its baneful influence.'

"Belknap, in his history of New Hampshire, states that in that province not less than one thousand persons died of the disease, of whom nine hundred were under twenty years of age. It was in attempting to arrest the ravages of this dreadful epidemic, that mercury appears to have been first introduced into the treatment of inflammatory complaints."

HYDROPHOBIA.—The Buffalo Commercial contains the following rules, which are taken from the Paris papers, and published under the auspices of the "Committee of Salubrity."

Any person bitten by a mad dog or any other animal, should immediately press with the two hands all around the wound, so as to make the blood run freely and extricate the saliva.

2d. Wash the wound with a mixture of alkali and water, lemon juice, lye, soap, salt water, urine, or even pure water.

During the time of pressing and washing the wound, warm a piece of iron in the fire and apply it deeply to said wound. Mind that said piece of iron is only heated so as to be able to cauterize—that it must not be red hot.

These precautions being well observed, are sufficient to preserve from the horrid effects of hydrophobia, and every one should keep them in their mind.

SHOWER OF FLESH AND BLOOD.

On Tuesday, we learn from various persons that a shower, apparently of flesh and blood, had fallen in Wilson county, near Lebanon, in Tennessee, and that the fields were covered to a considerable extent. The account staggered our belief; but, strange as it may appear, it has been confirmed by the statement of several gentlemen of high character, who have personally examined the scene of this phenomenon. They state that the space covered by this extraordinary shower, is half a mile in length, and about seventy-five yards in width. In addition to the information thus received, we have been favored by Dr. Troost, professor of Chemistry in the University of Nashville, with the following letter from a highly respectable physician of Lebanon; we have also seen the specimens sent to him for examination. To us they appear to be animal matter, and the odor is that of putrid flesh.—*Nashville Banner, July 20.*

Lebanon, Aug. 8, 1841.
Dr. G. Troost:—I have sent you some matter, which appears from an authentic source to have fallen from the clouds.

With me there can be no doubt of its being animal matter, blood, muscular fibre, adipose matter. Please account to us, if you can, on philosophical principles, for the cause of this phenomenon. The particles I send you, I gathered with my own hands from the extent of surface over which it has spread, and the regular manner it exhibited on some green tobacco leaves, very little or no doubt of its having fallen like a shower of rain; and it is stated on the authority of some negroes only, to have fallen from a small red cloud, no other clouds being visible in the heavens at the time. I have sent what I took to be a drop of blood, the other particles, composed of muscle and fat, although the proportions of the shower appeared to be a much larger quantity of blood than other particles.

W. P. SAYLE.

ORDERFUL PROSPERITY.—A Texas editor, speaking of the tremendous success of his paper, says: "During the past two months, three new subscribers have been added to our list, and we have received one gallon of whisky for inserting a couple of marriage notices."

ANOTHER VETO.

From the Correspondence of the Weekly Messenger.
Washington, Sept. 5, 1841.

Since I last wrote, the bill to incorporate the Fiscal Agent, having passed both Houses, has been handed to the President for his signature or the second exercise of his veto power. It is almost certain, however, that the bill will never become a law. I have it from excellent authority—from the White House itself, that a veto is certain. It is generally expected here that this will be the upshot of the matter—that Capt. Tyler will not sign the bill—that the Cabinet will be blown to flinders—Congress dissolve in a hubbub—and the members scamper home in despair of being able to create a regulator of either currency or exchanges. So positive are some of the leading men of this termination, and that, too, in a few days, that they are speculating in good earnest upon the Cabinet in embryo, as a matter of certainty. A rumor is afloat, originating in the Virginia delegation, that H. A. Wise will succeed Mr. Webster as Secretary of State; others are so bold as to venture upon the name of John C. Calhoun, and assert that there is a strong probability of Mr. Tyler making choice of him as "a man after his own heart."

LATEST FROM TEXAS.—The Steamship Kingston, Capt. Boylan, arrived at New Orleans on the 24th of August, from Galveston. The Schr. San Antonio, Capt. Seghers, was engaged in making a survey of Galveston Bay.

A letter from Gen. Hamilton was received by Col. Bee. The General says: "I have just returned from Holland, where I have been aiding the selling of the bonds. In consequence of having seen a notice that some brig of war had been ordered by the French Government to be fitted out from Toulon to go down on the coast of Texas, in consequence of difficulties between our Executive and their Charge, Gen. H. had appointed the 19th of July to meet M. Guizot, and hoped to have the matter adjusted."

Nothing further from the Santa Fe expedition.

The Indians are all retiring from the Northern frontiers.

Hon. Anson Jones has declined being a candidate for the Vice Presidency.

Com. Moore was making active preparations for fitting out the squadron to sail at a day's warning for the Mexican coast.

Galveston is so healthy at the present time that doctors can't live there. This, though paradoxical, is true.

The French flotta is a subject of fun—not fear to the Texans.

There's an opening for a speculation in flour now in Texas. The article is scarce at the present writing. The Texas cotton crop promises well.

ACCIDENT.—As the Providence stage was going down Front street in this town on Friday morning last, it came in contact with a locomotive engine on the Norwich Railroad. The fore wheels of the coach and the wheel horses were on the track of the railroad at the instant of contact, the coach was upset and thrown into the ditch by the side of the street. Mr. White, the driver, was very seriously, if not dangerously injured, his head was much bruised and several of his ribs broken, and it is thought he has also sustained a severe injury of the lungs. Another person with him in the box at the time escaped with trifling injury only. The rail road crossing on Front street is one of the most dangerous places we know of in the vicinity of any rail road.—*Worcester (Mass.) Palladium.*

A freebooter took an evening walk on a highway to Scotland, overtook and robbed a wealthy merchant traveller. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the thief lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passer, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instant the robbed man came up with some assistance, and recognizing the bonnet, charged the farmer with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, the merchant persisted in the charge, and though the respectability of the farmer was admitted, he was indicted and placed at the bar of the Supreme Court for trial. The Government witness, the merchant, swore positively as to the identity of the bonnet, and deposed likewise to the identity of the farmer. The case was made out by this and other evidence, apparently against the prisoner. But there was a man in court who well knew both who did and did not commit the crime.

This was the real robber, who suddenly advanced from the crowd, and seizing the bonnet, which lay on the table before the witness, placed it on his head, and looking him full in the face, said to him in a voice of thunder, "Look at me, sir, and tell, on the oath you have sworn, am not I the man who robbed you on the highway?" "By heaven! you are the very man." "You see," said the robber, "what sort of memory the gentleman has—he swears to the bonnet whatever features are under it. If the Hon. Judge were to put it on his own head, I dare say he would testify that he robbed him."

The innocent prisoner was on this evidence at once acquitted, because no reliance could be placed on such testimony; and yet it was positive evidence. Thus the robber had the merit of saving the guiltless, and himself escaping detection.

OXFORD DE

PARIS, SEPTE



'Tis the Star-spangled Banner
O'er the land of the free, and the

ELECTION R

It will be seen by the above, that, to all appearance, the Star-spangled Banner, Coon Skin no further use. Their day is shorter, cut off, and dried up, shaved, and torn down, in play their fantastic games.

From present appearance of the board throughout the State Fairfield by a majority of branches of the Legislature.

OXFORD CO

Paris,	37
Norway,	14
Hebron,	29
Buckfield,	7
Sumner,	13
Peru,	14
Dixfield,	17
Waterford,	14
Woodstock,	17
Greenwood,	11
Hartford,	15
Turner,	35
Brownfield,	13
Denmark,	10
Albany,	10
Holmes,	14
Rumford,	14
REPRESENTATIVES ELECTED:	
Drake; Buckfield, Noah P.	
Perry; Waterford, &c.	
Benjamin Tucker, Jr.; Turner,	

From the Eastern Argus, or

PORTLAND

The Star in
RESPLEN
Old Cumb

O. L.

DEMOCRATIC NET GA

1900

Our State Election has just this County *Halt Cider* at the head of *Salt River* has wheeled into the Demo and has elected *Four Demo* large majority—last year al lowing are the returns as far town has made a gain, and

CUMBERLAND CO

Towns.	Fairfield.
Brunswick,	300
Bridgton,	203
Cape Elizabeth,	204
Cumberland,	139
Danville,	000
Durham,	185
Falmouth,	176
Freeport,	207
Gorham,	225
Gray,	233
Harrison,	138
Harpers,	93
Minot,	347
Naples,	83
N. Gloucester,	162
N. Yarmouth,	120
Otisfield,	95
Poland,	253
Portland,	1034
Pownall,	126
Raymond,	237
Scarboro,	375
Westbrook,	490
Sebago,	000
Windham,	244
Raymond Cape,	168

Standish, 208
Representative, no choice, is
+ " Ezra Brown,
No choice for Representative

YORK COUNTY

Towns.	Fairfield.	Kent.
Biddeford,	217	193
Buxton,	213	147
Hollis,	222	133
Kennebunk Pt.	187	107
Kennebunk,	210	207
Saco,	337	331
Wells,	340	109

REPRESENTATIVES

Kennebunk, Abel M. Bryant,
Biddeford, no choice, Fed last year; Hollis, Samuel Dr
bunk Port, Wm. Huff, Jr. dem; J
dem gain; Wells, Amos Sargent,

DISTRESSING CASUALTY.—Mrs. of Jacob Gurcey of Hebron, lost her distressing manner on Wednesday in company with a daughter-in-law a hill in chase when some of the

and fast, blow followed blow. Without waiting to see the effect of the first cut, the brutal wretch plied his instrument of torture first on one side of the boy's back, and then on the other, and only stopped at the end of two or three minutes from very weariness. But still Tim showed no signs of motion; and Lugare, provoked at his torpidity, jerked away one of the child's arms, on which he had been leaning over on the desk, his dropped down on the board with a dull sound, and his face lay turned up and exposed to view. When Lugare saw it, he stood like one transfixed by a basilisk. His countenance turned to a leaden whiteness; the rison dropped from his grasp; and his eyes, stretched wide open, glared as at some spectacle of horror and death. The sweat started in great globules seemingly from every pore in his face; his skinny lips contracted, and showed his teeth; and when he at length stretched forth his arm, and with the end of one of his fingers touched the child's cheek, each limb quivered like the tongue of a snake; and his strength seemed as though it would fail him. The boy was dead. He had probably been so for some time, for his eyes were turned up, and his body was quite cold. The widow was now childless too. Death was in the school-room and Lugare had been flogging a corpse.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A MORMON CHAMPION—SWINDLING MR. PIERCE OF HIS FARM—THE MORMONS SOLD IT FOR \$3,000 AND TOOK THE MONEY—HE IS HOMELESS—CHEATING A MARINER AND FARMER OF HIS HOME—THE HEART-RENDING FINALE.

From various quarters, we continue to hear of the shameful practices of the Mormons, and we are sorry to say that they have found one newspaper willing to promulgate anything, no matter what in jurisdiction or aid of such an arrant piece of knavery as Mormonism. A fellow calling himself Galland, a miserable land speculator and confederate of the notorious Joe Smith, in order to keep up the imposture, until the land which he has sold the Mormons in Illinois is settled and paid for, has been permitted to publish a piece of impudence in one of our papers. The mass of abusive scurrility we shall of course not descend to notice, further than to expose a gross falsehood, which, if uncontradicted, might aid them in their scheme of plunder. It will be recollected that a host of charges have been preferred against them, quite insufficient to consign the leaders to the State Prison. All the most criminal portions are passed over in guilty silence, and one of minor importance is selected, by which it is hoped to gain some of innocence. It is the charge of cheating the bank note engravers, who it had been asserted, were never paid enabled to swindle the community out of immense sums. This associate in crime says in his defence—

"This assertion is a base falsehood, the evidence of which I have at this time in my possession, and had before his calumny was published."

Since this exposition (as we have before named) Frankfort, they have effected a settlement with Messrs. Underwood, Bald, & Co., the engravers observe, after that exposure, although he would feign have it thought otherwise. We hope yet to compel them into more acts of justice. Unfortunately, however, the engravers, after being kept out of their money four years, were paid in lands out of which these Mormon swindlers had cheated some of their credulous dupes, so that after all it was only robbing Peter to pay Paul. And after a long tirade of vulgar scurrility and abuse, their champion undertakes to deny a single charge out of the scores with which they are accused, and even in this makes the matter much worse than it was before.

But really this is an offensive task. To be compelled, even by a strong sense of public duty, to lower ourselves so much to a level with such vagabonds, as to hold controversy with them in any shape, is humiliating. It is truly mortifying. Nothing, indeed, but a strong unmitigated abhorrence of so gross a combination of blasphemy, fraud and villainy, as is this Mormon imposture could possibly induce us to notice their emissaries, prowling about the country to swindle people of their hard earnings. As independent public journalists, we feel that we do but a disagreeable duty in exposing their rascality, and putting people upon their guard, for they are literally stealing about, "seeking whom they may devour." The great purpose of the knaves is to get possession of other people's property—and to do this, they are drawing over them the cloak of a pretended new revelation.

In a note to a previous editorial in the Courier, we named that they had deluded a Mr. Pierce, of Chester county, whose farm they wheedled him out of, by promising to give him six thousand dollars' worth of their pretended land in Nauvoo.

They got possession of all Mr. Pierce's property (worth over six thousand dollars), and sold it within a stone's throw of where we are now writing of their wickedness, viz. in the public sales-room of the Merchant's Exchange. They took it, or pretended to, at \$6,000, and sold it at auction for \$3,000!!! The facts are all well known to great numbers of the most respectable farmers of that magnificent county, and there is there among them but one unmitigated feeling of disgust for the swindlers, and sorrow for the deluded Mr. Pierce, who has an interesting family, who are now rendered homeless by these prowling vagabonds, swindlers and cheats.

With property, which they swindled out of a Chester county dupe, they have paid the bank note engravers, for the reason that they saw clearly enough that while this charge of cheating was hanging over their heads, they would not be so likely to make more dupes hereabouts, and cheat them out of their farms, homesteads, and other property.

This is the great object of all their efforts—money, money—property, property, property! The property of other people they have

*By an accident, in a small portion of a previous issue of the Courier, the sum was put down at \$600, instead of \$6,000.

determined to get hold of or if they can, by hook or by crook, (as that the leading imposters can live in idleness,) and our heart bleeds, that in too many instances (some most touching ones too,) they have been far too successful. It is a piece of knavery upon which the press is bound to speak out—and we rejoice that so far as this paper is concerned, we meet, from all intelligent minds, nothing but unqualified approval of the course we pursue. Upon this theme, we have a warm feeling of approbation from one extent of the country to the other. We shall do our duty, and the miserable threats of the lawless and swindling leaders will never receive aught from this quarter but unqualified contempt.

To-day, we append one more specimen of their heartless knavery, which cannot fail to cause a thrill of sorrow for the sufferer from the heart of every reader.

From the Duukirk N. Y. Beacon.

A VICTIM TO MORMONISM.

On the shore of the lake, seven miles west of this in Portland, the attention of the traveller would be arrested by a well finished, neat and commodious dwelling, the appearance of a well cultivated, good conditioned farm, indicating the abode of taste, industry and happiness. Do you stop to quaff the cooling water, or to enjoy a lounge under the pleasant piazza, protected from the scorching sun by a beautiful grove, in vain do you listen for the domestic song, or linger for the welcome of hospitality. Silence and solitude reign there. It is the hour of busy labor. You look around: at a distance you discover a man toiling in the field, alone; and he is the goodly pattern of a man. He invites you to a conference; you become interested in his history. He tells you he was the son of a sterner climate—cradled on the sea-lashed banks of Nova Scotia. In riper years, his home was the ocean. The brig, of which he was the owner and commander, foundered at sea; he was saved by taking to the long boat. He returned to the land of his birth, and married his betrothed; and in after years, when the father of six children, he removed with his family and settled upon this very farm eighteen years since, then in the wildest state. Here he continued in all the enjoyment consequent upon a virtuous life, possessed of the esteem and confidence of his neighbors, and a competence of this world's goods. His domestic relations were happy—uninterruptedly so, until within two years since. The spoiler came: a Mormon preacher appeared in the neighborhood. The wife, sons and daughters of this now lone man were among his hearers. Wild fanaticism fastened upon them, and they became converts of Mormonism. The golden Bible and the "revelations" of Joe Smith bid them prepare to journey to the "promised land." The husband and father interposed, but reason and kind persuasion were unavailing. The pictured scenes of "home" were but the gloom of night compared with the bright visions of the Mormon "heaven and earth." And Mormonism required the sacrifice of domestic bliss, a severance of the conjugal tie—of filial bonds. And these were not enough to satisfy the demands of the false god; pecuniary tribute property of the man already bereft of wife and children. Heartless and hopeless he yielded to the demand; and besides his horses and the cattle of the field, he literally emptied his house to satiate the cupidity of this other Juggernaut. They left him alone! The wife, two sons, and three daughters, arrived in Missouri. In three months after their arrival on Mormon ground, the mother sickened and died.

And now Joshua Crosby, widowed and childless, though he be by the power of Mormon delusion, having recovered from the shock, with the big heart of a sailor forgives, and stands by ready for another pull at the oar on the ocean of life.

American Naval Victories.

War was declared between England and America in June, 1812. Peace was signed at Ghent, Dec. 24, 1814, and proclaimed by the President, Feb. 18, 1815.

There were fifteen actions between English and American vessels of war. In eleven battles fought by single ships, the Americans conquered; in four only the British triumphed—two of which were taken by single ships, viz: Chesapeake, of 47 guns, taken by the Shannon, 52; and the Argus, 16 guns, taken by the Pelican, 20. The other two British captures were two to one against us.

During the war, there were captured from the British on the Ocean, three frigates and fifteen sloops of war, and smaller ships; and on the Lakes, thirteen, several of them brigs and sloops. The whole number captured by the Americans was thirty-one. The British took from us, and destroyed at navy yards, but twenty-three armed vessels, viz: three frigates (Chesapeake, President, and Essex), twelve sloops and gun brigs, and eight schooners.

Of the commanders who fought the naval battles there have died:

Decatur, who took the macedonian, October, 25, 1812.

Bainbridge, who took the Java, Dec. 20, 1812.

Lawrence, who took the Peacock, February 24, 1813.

Burrows, who took the Boxer, September 5, 1813.

Blakely, who took the Reindeer, June 28, 1814. Also the Avon, Sept. 7, 1814.

Perry, of the Lawrence; Almy, of the Somers; Senott, of the Porcupine; and T. Hollup Stevens, of the Trippe, of Commodore Perry's squadron of six ships on Lake Erie, September 10, 1813.

Macdonough, of the Saratoga, and Hurlay, of the Eagle of Commodore Macdonough's squadron that captured the British squadron of four vessels on Lake Champlain, Sept. 11, 1814.

Allen, of the Argus taken by the Pelican, Aug. 14, 1813.

The surviving naval commanders, in the last war, who achieved victories, are:

Isaac Hull, who took the Guerriere, August 19, 1813.

David Porter, who took the "Albatross," August 13, 1812, and fought the ships Phoebe and Cherub at Valparaiso, March 28, 1814.

Jacob Jones, who took the Frolic, October 18, 1812.

Lewis Warrington, who took the Epervier, April 20, 1814.

Charles Stewart, who took the two sloops Levant Cyane with the Constitution, February 20, 1815.

Jesse D. Elliott, who commanded the Niagara in Perry's victory.

Daniel Turner, who commanded the Caledonia.

Stephen Champlin, who commanded the Scorpion.

Stephen Cassin, of the Ticonderago, in Macdonough's victory.

Of the surviving commanders, all are the Post Captains except Commodore Chinnipia and Captain Porter.

There are many survivors still on the list of our gallant naval officers who were distinguished by bravery and good conduct, in the war, under the command of superiors; but the above are all the survivors of those that had immediate commands. The catalogue presents thirteen deceased and nine living.

DISTINCTIONS IN SOCIETY.

In examining a large pile of old communications, we came upon signed "P. O." in which the subject of distinctions in society is discussed. We do not conceive it necessary to give it at length. We, and we are not alone, but hundreds besides, in every part of the country, have touched this subject "many a time and oft," both directly and indirectly, both incidentally and in essays "written expressly" for existing occasions; yet the evil continues, and will we fear continue, until by some means the ancient spirit of equality that once shed moral dew from its wings on the heads of our forefathers, shall make the piano give place to the spinning wheel, put the plough handle into such hands as now wield the ivory-headed cane, convert the kitchen into a more creditable place of common resort than the drawing-room or parlor, and render

as fashionable as genteel dandy gear now is.

We are not, however, exactly so ultra in our notions, as to desire those things literally in their fullest extent; but we would have with joy a return of the spirit of those days, even though the improved circumstances, the increased means of our country, might not require an exact conformity of external appearance in the details of its practical development. But the tendency of the times is the other way; and believing this, we agree with our correspondent in denouncing those who, with republican professions on their lips, exhibit the aristocracy of their feelings in their conduct; and those children and more remote descendants of mechanic and laborers, who affect to despise the employments by which they were enabled to inherit wealth. We give his remedy in its own words thus:

"The mechanic has been derived from the false distinctions monarchies, where the mechanic professions are considered menial, pervades the whole land, and is becoming an evil of the magnitude. It is mischievous in the highest degree, and inconsistent with our free institutions; and the only way to cure the evil is to go to the root of it, and to show those persons who imagine they will increase the respectability of their families by making their sons lawyers, doctors or merchants, their delusion; for 'the highest point of respectability is honest industry,' and the practice of the mechanic arts, as a profession, is as respectable as that of commerce, law or physic. It is the pernicious error on this point which is so ruinous to society; it fills the mercantile line of business to excess, and makes professional life a mere 'labyrinth of laziness' and mistaken respectability."

NAVAL.—The Boston Mercantile Journal states that the frigate Macedonian, Commodore Wilkeson and the sloop of war Warren, Commander Jameson, have received orders to sail on a cruise, and will probably leave port on Saturday, (that being the favorite day for going to sea!) It is to be regretted that this custom could not be abolished.

We understand that orders have been received at this navy yard, to get ready for sea, not only the Ohio, but the frigate Columbia, the sloop of war John Adams, and the schooner Grampus. The Columbia will probably require extensive repairs, and, of course, will have to go into the dry dock, where the Erie, altered into a store ship, is now undergoing repairs. The John Adams has been lying at the yard, ready for sea, for many months.

It is said that Capt. T. A. Catesby Jones will be appointed to the command of the Pacific squadron.

The United States frigate Brandywine left Lisbon on the 29th of July, for her station in the Mediterranean.

The French brig of war Daunois arrived at Pensacola, Florida, from Vera Cruz, on the 17th ult. She is commanded by Mons. S. F. Virgnaud. The Daunois will remain in Pensacola till the arrival of the corvette La Sabine, and both will probably stay there until the hurricane season in the gulf is over.

From the Charleston Patriot, Sept. 4.

LATEST FROM FLORIDA.

By the steamer Gen. Clinch, we have received the Savannah Republican of yesterday, from which we copy the following:

"The steamer Gen. Clinch, Captain Brooks, arrived last evening from Pilotka. From a passenger we learn that Hospiak and all his band had come in at Tampa. Tigertail has sent in word to Gen. Worth that he will be in by the 6th inst, with his people. There were 240 Indians in at Tampa before Hospiak came in with his tribe. None of the Indians have yet been shipped to the West. Our informant assures us that every thing appears favorable for a speedy termination of the war."

A DESOLATING SCOURGE.

The New York Medical Gazette gives the following incidental notice of the epidemic which first gave rise to the internal use of Mercury for Medical purposes:—

"Upwards of a century ago, the American Colonies were the scene of one of the most dreadful epidemics which ever desolated a country. It was generally denominated the *fever and ague*, and it commenced its career in May, 1735, at Kingston, an inland town of New Hampshire. From thence it spread itself gradually to the neighboring towns and villages. In the month of September of the same year, it reached Boston. Its progress westward was slow but uninterrupted. Nearly two years elapsed before it reached Hudson river, from whence it continued to spread to the south and west, until it had involved the whole of the colonies in one common calamity. The number who fell victims to the disease was immense. Upon the population of New England, more especially, it committed most dreadful ravages. According to the account furnished by Dr. Douglass, a physician of Boston, it appears that one fourth of the inhabitants of that place were seized with it, and of these in thirty-five died of it. In other places, he states that one-sixth, one-fourth, and even one-third of the sick fell victims to it. By Dr. Kearsley, an eminent practitioner of Philadelphia, an affecting account was left of its devastations. 'Like most new diseases,' says he, 'till their constitution and nature are known, it swept all before it; it baffled every attempt to stop its progress, and seemed by its dire effects to be more like the drawn sword of vengeance to stop the growth of the colonies, than the natural progress of the disease. In the New England governments, the stroke was felt with the greatest severity; villages were almost depopulated, and parents were left to bewail the loss of their tender offspring, till Heaven at last, its only unerring physician, was pleased to check its baneful influence.'

"Belknap, in his history of New Hampshire, states that in that province not less than one thousand persons died of the disease, of whom nine hundred were under twenty years of age."

It was in attempting to arrest the ravages of this dreadful epidemic, that mercury appears to have been first introduced into the treatment of inflammatory complaints.

HYDROPHOBIA.—The Buffalo Commercial contains the following rules, which are taken from the Paris papers, and published under the auspices of the "Committee of Salubrity."

"A person bitten by a mad dog or any other animal, should immediately press with the two hands all around the wound, so as to make the blood run freely and extricate the saliva."

2d. Wash the wound with a mixture of alkali and water, lemon juice, lye, soap, salt water, urine, or even pure water.

During the time of pressing and washing the wound, warm a piece of iron in the fire and apply it deeply to said wound. Mind that said piece of iron is only heated so as to be able to cauterize—that it must not be red hot.

These precautions being well observed, are sufficient to preserve from the horrid effects of hydrophobia, and every one should keep them in their mind.

SHOWER OF FLESH AND BLOOD.

On Tuesday, we learn from various persons that a shower, apparently of flesh and blood, had fallen in Wilson county, near Lebanon, in Tennessee, and that the fields were covered to a considerable extent. The account staggered our belief; but, strange as it may appear, it has been confirmed by the statement of several gentlemen of high character, who have personally examined the scene of this phenomenon. They state that the space covered by this extraordinary shower, is half a mile in length, and about seventy-five yards in width. In addition to the information thus received, we have been favored by Dr. Troost, professor of Chemistry in the University of Nashville, with the following letter from a highly respectable physician of Lebanon; we have also seen the specimens sent to him for examination. To us they appear to be animal matter, and the odor is that of putrid flesh.—*Nashville Banner, July 20.*

Lebanon, Aug. 8, 1841.
Dr. G. Troost:—I have sent you some matter, which appears from an authentic source to have fallen from the clouds.

With me there can be no doubt of its being animal matter, blood, muscular fibre, adipose matter. Please account to us, if you can, on philosophical principles, for the cause of this phenomenon. The particles I send you, I gathered with my own hands from the extent of surface over which it has spread, and the regular manner it exhibited on some green tobacco leaves very little or no doubt of its having fallen like a shower of rain; and it is stated on the authority of some negroes only, to have fallen from a small red cloud, no other clouds being visible in the heavens at the time. I have sent what I took to be a drop of blood, the other particles, composed of muscle and fat, although the proportions of the shower appeared to be a much larger quantity of blood than other properties.

W. P. SAYLE.

ONDERFUL PROSPERITY.—A Texas editor, speaking of the tremendous success of his paper, says: "During the past two months, three new subscribers have been added to our list, and we have received one gallon of whiskey for inserting a couple of marriage notices."

ANOTHER VETO.

From the Correspondence of the Weekly Messenger.

Washington, Sept. 5, 1841.

Since I last wrote, the bill to incorporate the Fiscal Agent, having passed both Houses, has been handed to the President for his signature or the second exercise of his veto power. It is almost certain, however, that the bill will never become a law. I have it from excellent authority—from the White House itself, that a veto is certain. It is generally expected here that this will be the upshot of the matter—that Capt. Tyler will not sign the bill—that the Cabinet will be blown to flinders—Congress dissolve in a hubbub—and the members scamper home in despair of being able to create a regularity of either currency or exchanges. So positive are some of the leading men of this termination, and that, too, in a few days, that they are speculating in good earnest upon the Cabinet in embryo, as a matter of certainty. A rumor is afloat, originating in the Virginia delegation, that H. A. Wise will succeed Mr. Webster as Secretary of State; others are so bold as to venture upon the name of John C. Calhoun, and assert that there is a strong probability of Mr. Tyler making choice of him as "a man after his own heart."

LATEST FROM TEXAS.—The Steamship Kingston, Capt. Boylan, arrived at New Orleans on the 24th of August, from Galveston.

The Schre. San Antonio, Capt. Seghers, was engaged in making a survey of Galveston Bay.

A letter from Gen. Hamilton was received by Col. Bre. The General says: "I have just returned from Holland, where I have been aiding the selling of the bonds. In consequence of having seen a notice that some brig of war had been ordered by the French Government to be fitted out from Toulon to go down on the coast of Texas, in consequence of difficulties between our Executive and their Charge, Gen. H. had appointed the 19th of July to meet M. Guizot, and hoped to have the matter adjusted."

Nothing further from the Santa Fe expedition.

The Indians are all retiring from the Northern frontiers.

Hon. Anson Jones has declined being a candidate for the Vice Presidency.

Com. Moore was making active preparations for fitting out the squadron to sail at a day's warning for the Mexican coast.

Galveston is so healthy at the present time that doctors can't live there. This, though paradoxical, is true.

The French flotilla is a subject of fun—not fear to the Texans.

There's an opening for a speculation in flour now in Texas. The article is scarce at the present writing. The Texas cotton crop promises well.

ACCIDENT.—As the Providence stage was going down Front street in this town on Friday morning last, it came in contact with a locomotive engine on the Norwich Railroad.

The fore wheels of the coach and the wheel horses were on the track of the railroad at the instant of contact, the coach was upset and thrown into the ditch by the side of the street. Mr. White, the driver, was very seriously, if not dangerously injured, his head was much bruised and several of his ribs broken, and it is thought he has also sustained a severe injury of the lungs. Another person with him on the box at the time escaped with trifling injury only. The rail road crossing on Front street is one of the most dangerous places we know of in the vicinity of any rail road.—*Worcester (Mass.) Palladium.*

A freebooter took an evening walk on a highway to Scotland, overtook and robbed a wealthy merchant traveller. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the thief lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passer, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head.—At this instant the robbed man came up with some assistance, and recognizing the bonnet, charged the farmer with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, the merchant persisted in the charge, and though the respectability of the farmer was admitted, he was indicted and placed at the bar of the Supreme Court for trial. The Government witness, the merchant, swore positively as to the identity of the bonnet, and deposed likewise to the identity of the farmer. The case was made out by this and other evidence, apparently against the prisoner. But there was a man in court who well knew both who did and did not commit the crime.

This was the real robber, who suddenly advanced from the crowd, and seizing the bonnet, which lay on the table before the witness, placed it on his head, and looking him full in the face, said to him in a voice of thunder, "Look at me, sir, and tell, on the oath you have sworn, am not I the man who robbed you on the highway?" "By heaven! you are the very man," "You see," said the robber, "what sort of memory the gentleman has—he swears to the bonnet whatever features are under it. If the Hon. Judge were to put it on his own head, I dare say he would testify that he robbed him."

The innocent prisoner was on this evidence at once acquitted, because no reliance could be placed on such testimony; and yet it was positive evidence. Thus the robber had the merit of saving the guiltless; and himself escaping detection.

POETRY.

The Law of the Lips.

Speak kindly to thy fellow man.
Lest he should die, while yet
Thy bitter accent wrings his heart,
And make his pale cheek wet.

Speak tenderly to him, for he
Hath many toils to bear;
And he is weak, and often sighs,
As thou dost, under care.

Speak lovingly to him; he is
A brother of thine own;
He well may claim thy sympathies,
Who's bone of thine own bone.

Speak meekly to him; he may be
A holier man than thou—
And fitting it may be for thee
To him with reverence bow.

Speak faithfully to him; thy word
May touch him deep within,
And save his erring soul from death,
And cover o'er his sin!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Transcript.

The Legend of the Pirate's Cave.

The following legend has been, for nearly a century and a half, a traditional story, and has now, for the first time, a "local habitation." It was narrated to the writer, some fifteen years since, during a short visit to Indian Old Town, by "Aunt Ruth Breed," as she was familiarly called—an old lady who had arrived at the advanced age of ninety-three years, seventy of which she had passed at Squamscot, when she emigrated to Maine, where she ended her days with a great-grandson.

Towards the close of the 17th century, as is well known, certain notorious buccanniers, with their fleet, came into the harbor of Boston, and were often seen walking in the streets of the town, conversing openly with respectable citizens, who were accused—perhaps not unjustly—of participating in their trade—so far at least, as to purchase from them articles known to be unlawful commerce. Amongst these vessels was the ship of the celebrated Capt. Kidd, which had just returned from the Spanish main, laden with the plunder of Spanish argosies. The mate of Kidd's vessel was by birth a hardy Norwegian, who, having served his dauntless Captain faithfully through a legion of perilous adventures, had become his confidential friend, and being a handsome, ingratiating fellow, was introduced by him into the residences of several wealthy merchants.

In the household of William Phipps, afterwards Sir William, and Governor of Massachusetts, one of the families with whom he was most familiar, there was an Indian servant-maid who had been made captive in her early youth, during Philip's War, and received into the Phipps family, where great pains had been taken, first to learn her the English language, and afterwards to initiate her in fine needlework, and to instruct her properly from her Bible and Catechism, together with other branches connected with female education in those times. Notwithstanding these efforts for moral and mental improvement, the indomitable spirit still remained; she was wild and fitful in her temper, uncontrollable and obstinate in her impulses, but loving strongly where she had fixed her affection.

Carl Neixon, the Norwegian mate, having seen this beautiful girl in his domestic intercourse with the family, fell instantly and desperately in love with her, which was as quickly reciprocated by Nahkooyamah, (or the "running vine," thence commonly called "Fanny.") One day being wanted by some of the family, she was found amongst the missing, and a search was made for her in vain; but after the lapse of two summers she was discovered living with Carl in a hut which he had built contiguous to a rocky cave, (the now renowned cave at Philip's Beach) which probably had been their first place of refuge. They were secured and taken to Boston. Nahkooyamah was restored to her friends, and Carl was imprisoned in the common jail until a general assembly of magistrates might be had to decide on the punishment for the abduction. Before the trial came on, however, that scourge of the Indians and early settlers—the small-pox, broke out and raged with great violence. It found its way into the prison and Carl becoming one of its many victims, was carried away and buried as a pirate. The Indian girl became moody and listless; she seemed brooding upon some unsettled thought, and was seldom occupied with her wonted avocations. At this time, the grave of Carl was found to have been entered and his remains carried off. Suspicion falling upon Nahkooyamah, she fled, and was found to have carried away and buried the body of Carl in the deep chasm of a rock, which when discovered she sat weeping over.

At the distance of her pursuers, she ran towards the brink of a steep precipice, admonishing them with wild and frantic gestures not to approach her. They persisted in the pursuit, and she found herself lost, when giving one loud and heart-piercing shriek, she threw herself with the bound of an antelope, from the frowning crag, and, in an instant, floated a lifeless corpse upon the boisterous billows of the ocean. Her body, however, was recovered, and it was determined to bury her with Carl, in the chasm of the rock, which bore for many years the name of the "Cave of the Pirate's Bride." This is undoubtedly the legend of what is now called "The Pirate's Cave."

The total number of eggs hatched by the female box, at the Garden of Plants, in Paris, is eight, the first breaking of the shell taking place on the fifty-seventh day after they were

laid. During this period the mother lay coiled up on the eggs, keeping them at an equal temperature, and defending them from any attempt to touch them or take them away. As soon as the first egg was broken, the mother left them for the first time and ate, which she had not done during the whole period of incubation, her meal being a rabbit and 4 lbs. of beef. The young serpents all got through their shells, an operation apparently of some difficulty, within four days from each other; they were about twenty inches long, spotted exactly like their mother, and endeavored to exercise their tiny jaws in biting any thing that lay in their reach. It is well known that this class of serpents are not venomous. They have since been in a thriving state, are very agile, and are beautiful samples of their species.—[Paris Paper.

"Let me make my selections," as the girl said when she was going to ask a party of young folks.

At a Court of Probate held at Watford, within and for the County of Oxford, on the 24th day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-one.

Orderd, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the 3d Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

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20,000 lbs. WOOL.
WANTED BY THE SUBSCRIBERS,
20,000 lbs.

CLEAN FLEECE WOOL,
For which Cash and the highest Market price will be paid, if delivered soon at our Store in Morton's Building, Congress Street.

JUST received a complete assortment of W. J. GOODS & GROCERIES, which they offer at wholesale and retail in exchange for LUMBER or approved credit.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.
THE subscribers hereby give notice that they have formed a partnership under the name of JESSE HOWE & SON, and have purchased the stock of Goods recently owned by Eli Howe, and they now offer the same for sale at the old stand on Paris Hill, where friends and customers are invited to call.

Dissolution of Copartnership.
THE partnership heretofore existing under the name and firm of HAMMOND & HARTWELL is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Wanted—Immediately,
TWO Apprentices Girls to the Tailoring Business.
Enquire of
Paris Hill, Aug. 17, 1841.

PELTS! PELTS!!
2000 LAMBS PELTS wanted by the subscriber, for which cash and the highest price will be paid.

3000 Bushels good HOUSE ASHES, for which 12¢ cents will be paid in Goods at a fair cash price.
Paris Hill Aug. 17, 1841.

A NATURAL REMEDY,
Suited to the constitution, and competent to cure of every curable disease, will be found in
Wright's Indian Vegetable PILLS,

Of the North American College of Health.
These extraordinary Pills are composed of Plants which grow spontaneously on our soil; and are therefore, better adapted to our constitutions than medicines imported from foreign climes. However well they may be adapted to the principle that the human body is in truth

Subject to but one DISEASE,
viz: corrupt humors, and that said medicine cures this disease.

NATURAL PRINCIPLES,
by cleansing and purifying the body; it will be manifest that if the constitution be not entirely exhausted—a perseverance in their use, according to directions, is absolutely certain to drive disease of every name from the body.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
will be found one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world for carrying out this

GRAND PURIFYING PRINCIPLE,
because they expel from the body all morbid and corrupt humors (the cause of disease) in an easy and NATURAL MANNER; and while they every day

GIVE EASE AND PLEASURE,
disease of every name is rapidly driven from the body.

THE INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are attaining great celebrity in New England as well as other parts of the United States. The attempts of persons to deprive the public of the sale of this valuable medicine with general reprobation. Mr. Wright is an indefatigable business man, and shows an ardent zeal by the medicine, which warrants confidence in the virtues of his Indian Vegetable Pills.

INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.
Of all the public advertised medicines of the day, we know of none that we can more safely recommend for the "ills that flesh is heir to," than the Pills that are sold at the depot of the North American College of Health, No. 128 Tremont Street, Boston.

CAUTION.
This is to inform the public, that all genuine medicine has the name of the boxes.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
(INDIAN PURGATIVE.)
Of the North American College of Health.

WILLIAM WRIGHT, Vice President
Of the North American College of Health,
and that Pedlars are never in any case allowed to sell the genuine medicine. All travelling agents will be provided with Certificates of Agency as above described; and those who cannot show one will be known as base impostors.

Beware of one A. L. NORCROSS, who is selling a Counterfeit Pill.
N. B. Day of none except the following regularly appointed AGENTS.

THOMAS CROCKER, Paris; O. H. Paine, South Paris; Ephraim Atwood, the Knolls; Winslow Hall, Hartford; John M. Deaton, Canton; Wm. E. Goodnow, Norway; Chas. Dorr, Oxford; Wm. F. Welch, Waterville; Wm. Cargill, Portland; Joseph Freeman, Minor Corner; James F. Davis, Bangor; John B. Jones, Lewiston; Patten Mitchell & Bradford, Turner; John B. Drake & Son, Turner.
Sept. 1841.

THE LION OF THE DAY. THE OLD DUTCH OR GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

TO the Citizens of the United States and the Canadian is respectfully submitted this Directory of the means for regaining that which has been partially, and in some instances, totally lost.

What blessing should be prized above that of health, and who knows better how to prize the blessing, than those who have been deprived of it? It is an old adage, (and one that contains a wise injunction,) "In time of peace, prepare for war." We should in time of Health prepare for the attacks of that stealthy lurking foe, Disease. It would be wisdom to observe his movements, to scan well the arms in which he approaches, and then to meet him with those means which he regards the poor as well as the rich, and I trust that those who regard the Constitution of man as one of the most precious of Divine workmanship, and the Laws by which that System is governed and directed, as originating in no other than the council of Heaven, will so far obey the injunctions of the latter as to provide the best safeguard for the former.

It is with the most anxious and judicious recommendations, subscribed by most eminent Medical gentlemen, not only in this Country but also in Europe, that I offer this valuable Medicine to the American People.

Thus and full opportunity for a fair and impartial trial have placed the Lion of the Day beyond the reach of Imposition, Hocus, Quackery, &c.

This Pill is composed of extracts from nine parts of the vegetable kingdom, (being entirely free from any drug of a violent nature), and adapted particularly to the treatment of the Stomach, Blood, and the various secretions of the Human System, Biliousness, Fevers, Cholera, Fetus and Ague, Jaundice, Scarlet Rash, Diarrhoea, Heartburn, Costiveness, Asthma, and Liver Complaint have been cured, by using these Pills according to the directions accompanying each box.

It is not intended that this Medicine is a cure for all Diseases to which the human system is liable.

Many efforts have been made to compound a Medicine which would cure all Diseases, but have failed. These Pills are unadulterated above, are within the power of these Pills and a sure cure or relief is warranted.

Price 37 1/2 cents.

Paris Hill, H. HUBBARD; South Paris, O. H. Paine; North Paris, Houghton & Bishop; Norway, E. C. Shackley; Wm. F. Goodnow; Oxford, Joseph Chaffin, Seth G. Lane, Leonard Brown; Livermore, Job Hallowell; East Livermore, Thomas Johnson, Jr.; Livermore Falls, Kimball & Walker; Coombs Johnson, Jr.; John Hearey; Dixfield, Charles L. Curtis; East Hallowell, Alvin Butler; Rumford Center, D. K. Knapp; Joshua Graham; Rumford Point, O. H. Paine; Bethel, Eliza M. Carter, Washington Hays; Bangor Falls, Charles S. Winslow.

THE RESURRECTION,
OR
PERSIAN PILLS.

THESE Pills rise from the greatest weakness, distress, and suffering, to a state of strength, health, and happiness. The name of these Pills originated from the circumstance of the medicine being found only in the countries of Persia, where it is used to its medicinal qualities and virtues. In half a century it became an established medicine for the diseases of the human system, and in the year 1783, and used in the year 1792, the extract was combined with a certain vegetable medicine, and many celebrated physicians in the East Indies, and formed one of the most important of the Human Pills. All those that have taken them in their neighborhood, have got along in the same easy manner, and are about as usual in a few days. There does not appear to be half the danger of other difficult rettings in after confinement, where these Pills are taken. We are not, let none neglect taking them, for they are in the reach of the poor as well as the rich. We are truly thankful that there is a remedy which leads to the world of suffering, which many of them have to bear, and perhaps save the lives of others who otherwise would be lost.

ROCHESTER, May 14, 1838: corner of Caledonia square, Edinburgh street. For further particulars, see newspapers.

S. ROBERTS,
J. A. ROBERTS.

General office of the United States, E. CHASE & CO.,
Boston, N. Y.
General Agent for the State of Maine, SAMUEL ADAMS, Hallowell.

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Bethel, Aug. 12, 1841.

NOTICE.
THE subscriber would respectfully make known to those of his patrons indebted to him, for Blacksmithing, that he is in want of money to enable him to pay his stock. They oblige him by paying all or a part, between this and the 10th of Sept. next.
Paris, August 24, 1841.

TIMOTHY LUDDEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TURNER-VILLAGE, Me.

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